

How To Love Your Dragon

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Summary: What if the story had an extra spin that you didn't know? A reboot/remake of HTTYD, Toothcup pairing

1. Chapter 1

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

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><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

"Dragons!"

Hiccup breathed that word excitedly as he reopens the sizzling door that suffered the wrath of a Monstrous Nightmare, and leapt off of the front porch. He weaved through the erupting mayhem as Vikings pour out of the buildings, ready for a fight. As the Vikings sound the alarm and Viking men and women pour out into the streets, weapons in hand, Hiccup was seen darting through alleys, staying under eaves, making his way through the battle.

Self-described by Hiccup Horrendous the III as "twelve days North of hopeless, and a few degrees South of freezing to death, located solidly on the meridian of misery", Berk was a small village nestled on an outcropping of sea mounts. It was a sturdy village that centered on fishing, hunting, and had a charming view of the sunsets, and it had been around for seven generations, but every single building is new.

No thanks to the pests.

Like most Viking villages, Berk suffered the seasonal dragon infestations, but unlike most Viking villagers who would just leave to less dragon-infested waters, Berk has the most stubborn Vikings you have ever seen and refused to succumb to the dragons' advances and leave the comforts of their own home. They would rather fight to the death and rebuild their homes rather than letting a bunch of fire-breathing reptiles invade and defeat them.

"What are you doing out!"

"Get inside!"

"Get back inside!"

Ignoring everyone who yelled at him, Hiccup weaved his way around the crowd to where he wanted to go. That is until he suddenly felt a yank on his collar from the path of a strafing dragon and held aloft to the crowd.

"Hiccup? What is he doing out again? What are you doing out? Get inside!"

Hiccup frowned at the man who set him down, receiving a scowl behind matted red beard, looking face to face at Stoick the Vast, Chief of the tribe. He was the strongest and largest Viking of all Berk and ruled the village with his vast brute and strength, his title handed down to him from generation to generation, from father to son. Rumour has it that when he was a baby he popped a dragon's head clean off of its shoulders. Hiccup was inclined to believe it, as he watched Stoick grab a wooden cart and hurls it, knocking the strafing dragon out of the sky.

More so, especially when Stoick was also his father.

As Stoick's attention was distracted by another Viking reporting to him about the status of the dragons, Hiccup crossed an open plaza and ducked into an open building with a tall chimney, making his way towards Gobber, the village hooked-hand-one-legged blacksmith, whom he had been an apprentice to since he was a young child of 9. Quickly, he donned his leather apron and starts to put away Gobber's scattered appendages.

"Ah! Nice of you to join the party," Gobber joked as he hacked at a welding sword. "I thought you'd been carried off."

"Who, me?" Hiccup replied humorously, striking a bodybuilder pose. "Nah, come on! I'm way too muscular for their taste. They wouldn't know what to do with allâ€¦this."

"Well, they need toothpicks, don't they?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes at his remark and got to work, transferring bent and chipped weapons to the forge as Vikings crowd the counter for replacements. Outside, armed men rush past, flanking others who carry sheep to safety. He watched both in admiration and envy as Stoick followed up the rear as, overhead, a dragon strafed the rooftops with Napalm-like fire. In response, the fire brigade charged

through the plaza—four teens, tugging a large wooden cask on wheels. From it, they fill buckets of water to douse the flames. Hiccup recognized them as he leaned out of the stall to watch them. There was Fishlegs, the chubby overweight Viking who obsessed over dragons next himself but had more brains than muscles for it; Snotlout, the resident bully whose family was rumoured to have been the one supposedly next in line for Tribe Chief if it weren't for Snotlout's great-great-great-great grandfather who had a habit of squandering the tribe's wealth for his mead addiction; the twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut, who never seem to see eye to eye on anything; and Astrid, the love of his life.

If only Astrid knew he existed, that is.

It was a no-brainer that Hiccup was the odd one out from his peers. He may have the flaming red hair his father had, but he did not inherit the rest of his father, and from old paintings of his parents' portraits that he saw when he was little, he definitely did not get his robust mother's guise either, except her eyes. Everything his peers and parents were, he wasn't. He was not only the runt in the family, he was the runt of the whole tribe, not to mention the fact that he had a family secret, something that no Viking man would ever have or want, and it was something he couldn't—or wouldn't—tell a living soul.

But that did not mean that he was not willing to try and prove his worth, as he tried to join his peers as they pass. Unfortunately he was hooked by Gobber and hoisted back inside.

"Ah, come on. Let me out, please," Hiccup whined a little. "I need to make my mark."

"Oh, you've made plenty of marks," Gobber replied as he shoved Hiccup lightly with his hooked hand. "All in the wrong places."

"Please, just two minutes. I'll kill a dragon. My life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date."

"Look, you can't lift a hammer. You can't swing an axe—" Gobber said as he grabbed a bola and handed it to a Viking who threw it at a dive-bombing Gronkle. "You can't even throw one of these!"

"Okay fine, but this—" Hiccup rushed to the back corner of the stall and presents a bizarre, wheel barrow-like contraption. "—will throw it for me." He tried to demonstrate by opening the hinged lid of the device to show him what he had, unfortunately the machine decided to hate him by prematurely launching a bola, narrowly missing Gobber and taking out a Viking at the counter.

"You see?" Gobber grumbled. "Now this right here is what I'm talking about!"

"Mild calibration issue—"

"Hiccup. If you ever want to get out there to fight dragons, you need to stop all—" Gobber gestures in Hiccup's whole body. "—this."

"But you just pointed to all of me!"

"Yes! That's it! Stop being all of you."

"Ooohhhâ€¦I see where this is going," Hiccup put his best threatening voice. "You, sir, are playing a dangerous game. Keeping this much, raw Vikingnessâ€¦contained? There will be consequences!"

"I'll take my chances," Gobber replied nonchalantly, tossing him a sword. "Sword. Sharpen. Now."

Hiccup mumbled a little, took the sword begrudgingly and lobs it onto the grinding wheel. As he sharpened the sword, he thought about all the fame, fortune and respect he might get if he were to be out there killing a dragon, which was everything around here in Berk. A Nadder head would probably get him at least noticed, or getting a Gronckle might secure him a girlfriend since Gronckles were tough, or maybe even a Zippelback which might get him twice the status, or probably even the Monstrous Nightmare if it weren't for their nasty habit of setting themselves on fire.

But the ultimate prize was the dragon no one had ever seen. Everyone called it the Night Fury, the dragon that never steals food, never shows itself, and never misses. No one, not even other villages who were known to have some of the toughest Vikings around, had ever killed a Night Fury, and the moment he somehow heard a shot outside and a random Viking yell about it, Hiccup planned to be the first.

He saw his chance when Gobber decided to join in the fray of battling the dragons. Disregarding Gobber's instructions to man the fort and stay in the shop, Hiccup waited until he was ignored long enough before he zoomed out of the shop, pushing his wheeled contraption through a wall of clustered Vikings. He weaved through the ongoing mayhem, as fast as his legs can carry him, waving away everyone's scolding to go back inside.

Hiccup soon reached a cliff overlooking the smoking catapult and dropped the handles to the ground. He cranked several levers, unfolding and then cocking the bowed arms of his contraption. He dropped a bola onto a chamber and then pivoted the weapon on a gimbal head toward the dark sky. He listened, with his eye pressed to the scope, hand poised on the trigger. He thought he heard the Night Fury approaching and turned his aim to the defense tower.

"Come on. Give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot at," Hiccup muttered as he squinted his eyes to try and get a good look at the dragon which was totally camouflaged by the night sky. For a split second, a blast of fire illuminated the dragon as it blew out the defense tower and reflex made him pull the trigger. The bola soon disappeared into the sky, followed by a muffled whack and a shrill screech, surprising Hiccup.

"Oh, I hit it! Yes, I hit it! Did anybody see that?" Hiccup shouted in excitement, turning around to see if anyone saw his stupendous feat, but unfortunately his victory is short-lived as a Monstrous Nightmare crept up behind him over the lip of the cliff.

"Except for you."

Needless to say Hiccup was soon seen running through the plaza, screaming for help, with the Monstrous Nightmare fast on his heels.

Stoick, who caught sight of him, groaned and abandoned the dragons he was catching and ran off to rescue him. After a rather long battle of wits, guts and glory, which included tackling the dragon, tumbling and wrestling with each other and exhausting out his fire shots, Stoick managed to defeat the dragon, send it off its way. Though it cost them a flock of sheep in the freed dragons' tow, some extra damages to the village and a burning brazier pole.

"Sorryâ€¦dad," Hiccup mumbled apologetically as he watched the dragons flying away from the raid, clearly winning the invasion this time, and shrank a little from Stoick's accusing glare. "Okay, but I hit a Night Furyâ€¦?"

Stoick responded by grabbing Hiccup by the back scruff of his collar and hauled him away, fuming with embarrassment.

"It's not like the last few times, Dad. I mean I really actually hit it!" Hiccup tried to explain as he struggled from his dad's hold in vain. "You guys were busy and I had a very clear shot. It went down, just off Raven Point. Let's get a search party out there, before itâ€¦"

"STOP!" Stoick snapped, releasing Hiccup. "Justâ€¦stop. Every time you step outside, disaster follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter's almost here and I have an entire village to feed!"

"Between you and me, the village could do with a little less feeding, don't ya think?" Hiccup tried to lighten up the mood, but it wasn't working as a few self-conscious villagers glared at him.

"This isn't a joke, Hiccup!" Stoick groaned exasperatedly. "Why can't you follow the simplest orders?"

"I can't stop myself. I see a dragon and I have to justâ€¦kill it, you know? It's who I am, Dad"

"Ugh, you are many things, Hiccup," Stoick massaged the bridge of his nose. "But a dragon killer is not one of them. Get back to the house," he turned to Gobber, "and make sure he gets there. I have his mess to clean up."

Gobber took over chaperoning Hiccup, smacking the back of his head gently before leading him back home. They pass the teen fire brigade as they snicker.

"Quite the performance," Tuffnut snorted.

"I've never seen anyone mess up that badly. That helped!" Snotlout exclaimed at him sarcastically.

"Thank you, thank you. I was tryingâ€¦" Hiccup pretended to play along with him and avoided Astrid's glare and heads up toward his home, which was the largest house in the village, standing prominently on the hill above the others. The moment he was beyond his peers' earshot, he muttered, "I really did hit one."

"Sure, Hiccup," Gobber tried to reply in support.

"He never listens."

"Well, it runs in the family."

"And when he does, it's always with thisâ€¦disappointed scowl. Like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich," Hiccup exclaimed as he sarcastically mimicked his dad's accent. "_Excuse me, barmaid. I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring. I ordered an extra large boy with beefy arms. Extra guts and glory on the side. This here? This is a talking fish bone!_"

"Look, you're thinking about this all wrong," Gobber tried to calm him down. "It's not so much what you look like. It's what's inside that he can't stand."

Hiccup felt like he just got staked by a pick-axe from those words, especially when it reminded him of his family secret.

"Thank you for summing that up." Hiccup groaned and turned towards the doorway.

"Look, the point is, stop trying so hard to be something you're not."

Hiccup sighed heavily. He couldn't blame Gobber, since he didn't know of the family secret that made him the mess he was right now.

But he just didn't get it.

"I just want to be one of you guys."

* * *

><p>AN: I hope I've been doing well so far. I want to keep it in character, so believe it or not, I have the movie lines and scenes memorized and have the movie playing next to me just in case I missed out anything. Anywho, reviews plz!

2. Chapter 2

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

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A noisy din of protesting voices sounded throughout the Great Hall as dawn slowly broke. They managed to salvage whatever they could scrounge up from the wreckage of the invasion and gathered the necessary materials and equipment to fix their broken and burnt houses, as they have always did for generations. Not too much were lost, but it was obvious that the villagers of Berk have had enough of the invasion, and so was Stoick.

"Either we finish them or they'll finish us!" Stoick bellowed as he sank his dagger into the tribe's nautical map where an uncharted corner was. "It's the only way we'll be rid of them! If we find the nest and destroy it, the dragons will leave. They'll find another home," he took a swig from his bull skin pouch and decided, "One more search. Before the ice sets in."

"But those ships never come back," a random Viking voiced out worriedly.

"We're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard," Stoick replied nonchalantly. "Now who's with me?"

No one followed to raise their hands. The crowd shifted in restless silence with head scratches and eyes averted. Some muttered feebly excuses like "Today's not good for me" and "I've gotta do my axe returns" echoed in the Great Hall. Stoick knew just what to say to convince them.

"Alright. Those who stay will look after Hiccup."

The response was immediate.

"To the ships!"

"I'm with you, Stoick!"

Hands jut into the air, volunteers galore. Enthusiastic murmurs of prep and packing filled the room.

"That's more like it."

Stoick watched as the Vikings rushed for the door to prepare for their upcoming voyage. Gobber, the last one remaining, gulped down the last of his mead from his attachment mug on his hooked hand and got up from his seat.

"Alright, I'll pack my undies."

"No, Gobber," Stoick stopped Gobber. "I need you to stay and train some new recruits."

"Oh, perfect. And while I'm busy, Hiccup can cover the stall. Molten steel, razor sharp blades, lots of time to himself—what could possibly go wrong?"

Stoick recognized that tone and sank onto the bench beside Gobber, his brow burdened.

"What am I going to do with him, Gobber?" Stoick sighed.

"Put him in training with the others."

"No, I'm serious."

"So am I."

"He'd be killed before you let the first dragon out of its cage." Stoick turns to him, glaring.

"Oh, you don't know that," Gobber waved his concerns off.

"I do know that, actually."

"No, you don't."

"No, actually I do."

"No, you don't!"

"Listen!" Stoick snapped at Gobber. "I do know what's going to happen, he's cuâ€|" he stopped himself from blurting out when he realized Gobber was looking at him weirdly. He cleared his throat a little and looked away, trying to change the subject. "You know what he's like. From the time he could crawl he's beenâ€|different. He doesn't listen. Has the attention span of a sparrow. I take him fishing and he goes hunting forâ€|for trolls!"

"Trolls exist!" Gobber said defensively. "They steal your socks. But only the left ones. What's with that?"

"When I was a boyâ€|" Stoick sighed and started reminiscing.

"Oh, here we go," Gobber grumbled, dreading another flashback on Stoick's part of long-winded good ol' days. But Stoick continued anyway.

"My father told me to bang my head against a rock and I did it. I thought it was crazy, but I didn't question him. And you know what happened?"

"You got a headache."

"That rock split in two. It taught me what a Viking could do, Gobber. He could crush mountains, level forests, tame seas! Even as a boy, I knew what I was, what I had to become," Stoick sighed as he looked beat. "Hiccup is not that boy."

"You can't stop him, Stoick. You can only prepare him," Gobber noticed Stoick did not look convinced and sighed. "Look, I know it seems hopeless. But the truth is you won't always be around to protect him. He's going to get out there again. He's probably out there now."

As much as Stoick did not want to admit it, he knew Gobber's words hit their mark.

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><p>AN: An almost close call there, Stoick, but he will have to keep that secret for it will be told in its own time. Reviews plz

3. Chapter 3

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these.

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Hiccup looked up from his notebook where it had a drawn map of the island, covered in X's, peeking over a gorge, expectantly. Seeing nothing, he added another 'X' to the page, then scratched his pencil over the whole map in frustration. He snapped the book closed and pocketed it.

"Ugh, the gods hate me," Hiccup groaned as he kicked at a random stone. "Some people lose their knife or their mug. No, not me. I manage to lose an entire dragon!"

Frustrated, he whacked a low-hanging branch. It snapped back at him, hitting him in the face as if in retaliation. Cursing his rotten luck and the stupid family secret that was the root of it all, he looked up to see a snapped tree trunk. His eyes followed it to a long trench of up-turned earth.

Suspicious, he followed the trail that led him up a small slope and, peeking out of the slope, he saw a dragon. Gasping, he ducked, thinking it saw him and would attack him, but when nothing happened, he peeked out again and saw that the dragon was downed, its body and tail tangled in a bola. He'd recognize that bola anywhere; it was his own handicraft. The dragon itself was black as night and appeared dead, and it dawned to him that he had finally found the Night Fury he had snagged the night before. Gaining hope, Hiccup approached the dragon's body, beaming.

"Oh, wow," Hiccup could hardly contain his excitement. "I did it. I did it. This fixes everything. Yes!" he struck a victory pose, planting his foot on the fallen Night Fury. "I have brought down this mighty beastâ€|!"

Hiccup was taken by surprise when the dragon suddenly shifted. Exclaiming in shock, he sprung back, terrified, as he brought out his hunting dagger, turning his blade on it. Rattled, Hiccup crept along the length of the weak, wounded dragon, dagger poised to strike. As he reached the head, Hiccup found the Night Fury staring coldly at him. He tried to look away, but he was weirdly and morbidly drawn back to its unnerving, unflinching stare. Putting up a brave front, he brandished his dagger, holding it tight, readying himself against the dragon safety tangled in the ropes.

"I'm going to kill you, Dragon. I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father. I'm a Vikingâ€|I'm a VIKING!" Hiccup stressed his last word as he raised the dagger, determined to prove his Viking-ness. He could hear the dragon's labored breathing and stole a look to see the dragon widened its eyes at him, locking their gazes together. There was something about that look that felt utterly familiar to him, something that he had seen somewhere, somewhere deep within himselfâ€|

_No! _he thought, shaking his head as he shut them tight, raising the

dagger higher above his head. _No, don't falter now! This is your chance, your chance to prove once and for all that you are not the runt of the tribe anymore! This is your big break! Dad will respect you, people will love you, the gang will hang out with you and Astrid will finally notice you and let you ask her out on a date. This is all you now! All youâ€|_

He could hear the Night Fury growled in defeat as it closed its eye and lowered its head, resigned to its fate.

Come on, come on, do it! Do it!

His breathing went a little ragged, trying to fight himself, convince himself that this was all worth it, that he would get the fame, fortune and respect he deserved.

Do it!

After much internal war with himself, he lowered his dagger with a frustrated sigh. He looked over the dragon's chaffed rope wounds and felt a sudden wave of shame flooding his heart.

"I did thisâ€|"

He turned to leave, but not without stealing a last glance back at the dragon. He sighed. He couldn't leave the dragon there all alone, tied up and defenseless. It would be no different than trying to kill it in the first place. He checked over his shoulder to ensure that no one is watching, then hurried back to cut the ropes.

He didn't realize that the Night Fury's eyes shot open the moment he started cutting the ropes. He didn't notice the dragon watching his every move as he hurriedly saw through them. By the time he was done, he realized too late as the dragon suddenly pounced onto him without warning.

In a blur, the dragon is upon him, pinning Hiccup down, grazing his neck, looking like it's about to kill him. To say that Hiccup was paralyzed with fear was an understatement. He was terrified, mortified, fearful for his life and everything in between. As the dragon's breath ruffled his hair, Hiccup opened his eyes to find the Night Fury's wolf-like stare boring into him. The eyes were pure on vengeance and hell-bent on the kill.

_This is itâ€|! _he thought in resignation. _This is it! I'm going to die! I'm going to either be burnt into a crisp or become dragon food, or BOTH! Oh gods, oh gods, why didn't I kill it? Why didn't I just kill itâ€|_

As he waited for the killing blow, he was again taken by surprise when he felt his clothes being torn into shreds till there was nothing left but his boots and bare skin before he was being flipped onto his stomach and razor-sharp teeth clamping down onto his neck. He thought the dragon did not want to eat him with his clothes on, but it was far from having him for dragon chow. He realized that the dragon did not pierce skin, and instead of biting down and decapitating him or clawing him into meat threads, it was actually showing interest on his lower half of his body, the one that he had kept hidden from the world for so long.

Before he knew it, a sharp pain shot him between his legs as he felt an intrusion within him. He couldn't hold back a scream as he felt as if he was being torn in half again and again. Every time he tried to struggle, he could feel the dragon's teeth adding pressure to his neck, threatening to break skin. He could feel the dragon's member slamming into him over and over again, the sheer size of it spreading and stretching him painfully. He couldn't even control the tears of pain as he sobbed in agony throughout the whole ordeal. He couldn't do anything else but cry and scream for help in vain with the threat of death around his neck. He could literally feel himself bleeding down his thighs as the dragon ravaged him for what felt like forever, and before he could stop it, he could feel its massive seed filling him up as the dragon roared out its climax.

Once the dragon pulled out, leaving him soaked and leaking with its seed, Hiccup saw the dragon drawing a deep breath, as though it was about to torch him. Hiccup braced himself again, but instead it let out an ear-piercing scream at his face. It then turned and took flight, flapping violently through the canopy of trees. It bashed against a nearby mountain side, recovered, and dropped out of view some distance away.

Hiccup struggled to his feet and staggered a few steps before collapsing to his knees, and falling back to the ground. He was not naïve not to know what just happened to him, but he couldn't believe that of all the people in the world, a dragon—the most feared and the hardest-to-catch legendary dragon of all, in fact—had to find out about the family secret that he and his family had guarded for life. He had never felt so humiliated in his whole life, and while he had his share of broken bones and bruising, this was by far the worst pain he had ever felt for as long as he lived.

Without caring that he was still naked, he lay there on the grass crying and sobbing the hardest he had ever done until he fainted from sheer trauma.

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It was nightfall before Hiccup managed to get on his feet and staggered his way back to the village. Thankfully the village lighter has yet to light up the public torches, so he managed to blend into the darkness in the nude—since his clothes were less than wearable—and managed to snag a sheepskin cloak from the washing line to cover himself before he entered his home.

He hoped he wouldn't have to see his father, but no such luck. There was Stoick, seated at the living room, slouched over the fire-pit, stirring the coals with his axe. Hiccup tried to sneak past, up the stairs to his room, hoping that Stoick did not see him, and again, no such luck when he lifted his head without looking at him.

"Hiccup."

"Dad. Uh—" Hiccup wrapped the cloak tighter around him, trying not to be defensive as Stoick stood up and turned to him.

"I need to speak with you, son," Stoick noticed the cloak and raised a brow. "What are you doing with my cloak around you?"

"Oh, uh, well, uh, I was just, you know, uhâ€¦" Hiccup stammered a bit, trying to come up with an excuse on the fly. "I wasâ€¦you know, taking a dip at the beach down in the Wild Zoneâ€¦and, uhâ€¦somehow I kinda, heh, lost my clothes to the sea. Just drifted away, haha, and I had to wait till night time to, uh, come home so no one wouldâ€¦"

"A dip? A dip?" Stoick growled, stomping towards him. "Do you have any idea how dangerous it is if someone saw you like that? Are you _trying_ to embarrass me more by letting out our family secret? Did someone see you? Did they?"

"No! No, no, no, Dad, no!" Hiccup backed up, wrapping the cloak around even tighter. The last thing he'd want was Stoick to see what was underneath that cloak and covered about his skin. "Why did you think I waited till nightfall to come back? Geez, I _was_ being careful! I can't help it if my clothes are gone. Sheesh! No one saw me, OK?"

"Good, good, that's good," Stoick sighed in relief. "Go get cleaned up and get dressed first. I'll tell you what I have in mind later."

Hiccup nodded quietly and made his way to the bathing outhouse. The moment he was in, he gathered as much firewood as he could into the heater under the bathing tub, waited till the water was as hot as he could stand before climbing into the tub and submerged himself into the searing heat. He scrubbed and scrubbed himself clean from the filth of the rape until his skin was scrubbed raw and stung at the hot water, but he still felt so dirty. He felt like crying again when he was reminded of the soreness between his legs and the phantom pressure around his neck where the Night Fury subdued him and had its way with him. He wanted to cry. He wanted to just drown himself in that tub and be over and done with this shame he had, but he couldn't. He was a Viking, and Vikings don't balk from anything, at least that was what he had to remind himself before he reluctantly rinsed off and dried himself before reentering his house and dressed up.

"Shall we talk, son?" Stoick asked when he heard Hiccup coming back inside the house.

"I, uhâ€¦you know, I have to talk to you, Dad," Hiccup said as he approached his father, fully clothed.

"I think it's time you learn to fight dragons."

"I've decided I don't want to fight dragons."

"What?"

Hiccup and Stoick realized they both spoke at the same moment.

"You go first," Stoick backed up a bit, allowing him leeway.

"No, you go first," Hiccup let him have the say.

"Alright. You get your wish. Dragon training. You start in the morning."

Hiccup had not expected that as he scrambled to retaliate.

"Oh man, I should've gone first. Uh, coz I was thinking, you know we have a surplus of dragon-fighting Vikings, but do we have enough bread-making Vikings, or small home-repair Vikings?"

"You'll need this," Stoick handed Hiccup his axe. Hiccup avoided taking it.

"I don't want to fight dragons."

"Come on. Yes, you do."

"Rephrase. Dad, I _can't_ kill dragons."

"But you _will_ kill dragons," Stoick tried to sound enthusiastic.

"No, I'm really very extra sure that I won't," Hiccup looked down, not exactly lying after what just happened to him.

"It's time, Hiccup."

"Can you not hear me?" Hiccup asked exasperatedly, trying to get him to understand without letting him know about the incident.

"This is serious, son!" Stoick forced the axe into Hiccup's hands, equally exasperated, the weight of the axe dragging Hiccup down. "When you carry this axe, you carry all of us with you. Which means you walk like us, you talk like us, you think like us. No more of" he did the same gestures as Gobber did, "this."

"You just gestured to all of me," Hiccup grumbled, tired of this patronizing talk.

"Deal?"

"This conversation is feeling very one-sided"

"Deal?"

Hiccup glanced at the axe in his hands and sighed. This was a no-win argument. There was nothing he could do to convince his father otherwise.

"Deal."

"Good. Train hard," Stoick replied in satisfaction, grabbing his helmet and duffel bag. "I'll be back. Probably."

"And I'll be here," Hiccup stared at his axe, avoiding eye-contact with Stoick. "Maybe."

Nodding, Stoick headed out the door, leaving Hiccup holding the axe. Though, as soon as the door shut before him, Hiccup threw the axe to the floor and made a mad dash towards the stairs and to his bed. Vikings be damned tonight as he sobbed quietly under the covers till he cried himself to sleep.

* * *

><p>AN: Poor Hiccup. The one time he needed his dad's support and he was shunned for it. We'll see how this thing turns out then. Reviews plz!

4. Chapter 4

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

Disclaimer: I do not own whatever was used (except OCs) to make this fanfic, but I totally wish I own Toothcup pairings!

* * *

><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

"Welcome to dragon training!"

It had been about 3 days since Stoick had led his team on their dragon-slaying voyage. Gobber had made the announcement to gather all the youngsters of the village for dragon-training. The only Vikings youngsters who were of age to join were Hiccup and the village teen fire brigade, but it was better than nothing. Once Gobber had everything prepped and ready, he led the recruits to the dragon-training grounds, raising a massive iron gate at the entrance of a vast stone arena.

The recruits filed through the gate, and out onto the arena floor. They take it in like gladiators entering the coliseum. The walls are covered in scorched silhouettes of blasted Vikings. It was a grim yet awe-inspiring place, well, for most of the recruits, anyway.

"No turning back," Astrid said as she took in the sight of the arena.

"I hope I get some serious burns," Tuffnut declared, checking the axe he brought along with him.

"I'm hoping for some mauling," Ruffnut said as well, massaging her shoulder, "like on my shoulder or lower back."

"Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it," Astrid agreed.

"Yeah, no kidding, right? Pain. Love it."

The recruits turned to see Hiccup behind them, unenthusiastic and bored, and groaned at his presence.

"Oh great," Tuffnut grumbled. "Who let him in?"

"Let's get started!" Gobber butted in before Hiccup could make a remark. "The recruit who does best will win the honor of killing his first dragon in front of the entire village."

"Hiccup already killed a Night Fury," Snotlout announced in jest. "So does that disqualify him orâ€|?"

The recruits laughed and chattered in the background, no doubt saying taunting things behind Hiccup's back, or discretion there-lack-of. Hiccup sighed and frowned, looking down at the ground. He knew this was going to happen, and after what happened to him, how was he even able to face a dragon, let alone fight it? If only there was something he could do to get out of itâ€|

"Don't worry," Gobber said cheerfully as he threw a supportive arm around Hiccup and ushered him along. "You're small and you're weak. That'll make you less of a target. They'll see you as sick or insane and go after the more Viking-like teens instead."

_Not exactly very helpful, _Hiccup thought as Gobber stuck him in line with the others and continues on toward five massive reinforced doors. Terrible roars and bellows issued from within, giving the recruits a little rush of adrenaline and Hiccup a whole lot of fear.

"Behind these doors are just a few of the many species you will learn to fight," Gobber started as he circled the team. "The Deadly Nadderâ€|"

"Speed eight. Armor sixteen," Fishlegs, the resident dragon geek muttered.

"The Hideous Zipplebackâ€|"

"Plus eleven stealth. Times two."

"The Monstrous Nightmareâ€|"

"Firepower fifteen."

"The Terrible Terrorâ€|"

"Attack eight. Venom twelve."

"Can you stop that?" Gobber scolded in frustration at Fishlegs' interruption. "Andâ€|the Gronckle."

"Jaw strength, eight," Fishlegs whispered, unable to resist, when everyone was caught unaware as Gobber pulled a lever, raising the cross beam on the last of the doors.

"Whoa, wait!" Snotlout reacted first. "Aren't you gonna teach us first?"

"I believe in learning on the job."

So saying, a Gronckle thundered out of its cave, charging into the ring like an irate rhino. The recruits soon scrambled in every direction, following Gobber's instructions on survival and the importance of shields. Aside from the occasional twin sibling rivalry over what kind of shields they want, Fishlegs using more of his brain rather than brawn to get through the training, learning how to distract the dragon with noise, Snotlout busy hitting on Astrid, figuring out the maximum fire shots a Gronckle has and the

disqualifications one by one, the training was as eventful as it could ever be for first-timers. Astrid seemed to prove herself the better Viking as she and Hiccup were still in the game, though not so much for Hiccup, as Gobber spotted Hiccup hiding from the Gronckle's molten slugs.

"Hiccup, get in there!"

Hiccup had no choice but to join in the fray and saw Astrid just so happened to roll to a stop beside him.

"So, I guess it's just you and me, huh?" Hiccup asked, stirring awkwardly and trying to look cool.

"No. Just you."

Without warning, Astrid rolled away. A split-second later a lava slug knocked Hiccup's shield clear off of his arm. Hiccup was soon exposed. Panicking, he chased after his shield as it rolled across the ring. The sudden movement sent the Gronckle chasing after him, leaving Astrid in the clear.

The Gronckle drove straight toward Hiccup, pinning him against the wall. A flash of the Night Fury pinning him down went through his mind. Almost immediately, the colour was drained from his face and he started hyperventilating. Everything that had happened to him and been done to him by the Night Fury 3 days ago was repeating itself before his mind's eyes. Instead of realizing the Gronckle opening its mouth and cocking its tail, ready to fire point-blank, he saw the Night Fury opening its jaws to clamp around his neck, subduing him, holding him down so that it could have its way with him again, ravaging him until he bled all over himself againâ€¦

The hit never came as Hiccup saw Gobber lunged in and hooked the Gronckle's mouth at the last second, causing its head to jerk back and fire against the stone wall above Hiccup's head.

"â€¦And that's six!" Gobber wrestled the irate Gronckle back into his pen. "Go back to bed, ya overgrown sausage! You'll get another chance, don't you worry," he slammed and locked the pen and turned to the recruits, "Remember, a dragon will always," he looked sternly at Hiccup, not realizing how rattled Hiccup really was, "_always_ go for the kill."

Without giving Hiccup time to fully register and recover, Gobber hoisted him up to his feet and walked off, telling everyone to take a break before the next lesson. Hiccup looked overhead to see a steaming pit in the solid stone wall, finally realizing how close to death he was.

Still, it paled in comparison to what the Night Fury had done to him.

Death would've been a mercy to him right now.

-:-

"So whyâ€¦didn't you?"

Hiccup studied the remnants of the discarded bola as he was back at

the place where the incident took place. He didn't know why he came back hereâ€”this should be the last place he would be if he didn't want to be reminded of itâ€”but it was better than going back to the training grounds. He had enough running and bashing around for one day, and he knew no one would miss him anyway.

He dropped the bola and pressed on in the direction he last saw the Night Fury flew off. He followed the trail of broken and fallen branches and trees and randomly scratched and chafed stones the Night Fury left behind and they led him into a rocky crevice. He dropped into it and continued to follow it to an isolated cove complete with a pristine spring pool. He scanned the high stone walls, then noticed a single black scale on the ground. He crouched and picked it up, studying it as it shimmered under the daylight.

"Well this was stupidâ€”"

Suddenly, the Night Fury blasts past him out of nowhere. Hiccup recoiled, watching the massive beast struggle to climb the walls. It flapped violently, then peeled away to a rough landing. Hiccup, after managing to remember how to breathe, calmed himself down and slipped closer to have a clearer look. The dragon seemed to be trapped somehow, and it was exhausted and frustrated after leaping into the air and beating its wings furiously for the umpteenth time. Again and again, it rolled uncontrollably and crashed heavily, and out of anger, it shot a ball of fire on the ground, as if throwing a tantrum.

Almost out of habit, Hiccup pulled his leather-bound sketchbook of design he often carried around when he had new ideas on dragon-catching weapons and gadgets and flipped past the drawings to a blank page. He sketched the dragon quickly, desperate to record the image before he even realized what he was doing. By the time he was done, he felt almost like a fool.

_Why did I do that? _he thought to himself, bemused at what he just did. _Why do I care about how this Night Fury looks like? I should be running! Heâ€”He raped me! He tainted me and found out the secret that I have been guarding for my entire life! Why in Odin's name am Iâ€”_

His thoughts were distracted when he saw the Night Fury clawing at the steep rock walls, trying climb out of the cove. It slipped and fell hard, crushing several saplings. The dragon rolls back to his feet and slowly crawls to the water's edge. It spotted fish in the shallow water and snapped at them but came up empty. It lowered its head, looking weakened, and Hiccup could've sworn it looked sad.

"Why don't you justâ€”fly away?" Hiccup muttered to himself, then noticed that the dragon was missing one half of its tail. As he adjusted his drawing, carefully erasing where it was supposed to be missing, he accidentally dropped the charcoal stick. It rolled off of the rock outcropping that hid him from view and bounced into the cove, catching the Night Fury's attention.

The dragon raised his head, spotting Hiccup. Hiccup held his breath, his eyes looking warily at the dragon, waiting for it to pounce any moment now and let history repeat itself again, but surprisingly, the blow didn't come. Instead the Night Fury just stayed there and

continued staring at him. When Hiccup tilted his head, the dragon copied him. When he closed his book and pocketed it, it didn't even flinch. When he got on his feet, the only thing the dragon did was took a small step back. And when he slowly backed away out of the cove and made his way back to the village, it showed no indication of following him.

As much as he felt relieved about what just happened, it still bothered him.

Why is he notâ€|doing anythingâ€|?

-:-

The dragon-training came to an end as a storm was brewing outside. The doors of the Great Hall rattled on their hinges as the recruits, minus Hiccup, were seated at a table, eating dinner by the glow of the fire pit.

"Alright. Where did Astrid go wrong in the ring today?" Gobber started his briefing discussion as the teens ate their fill.

"I mistimed my summersault dive," Astrid replied. "It was sloppy. It threw off my reverse tumble."

"Yeah. We noticed," Tuffnut replied, sounding a little sarcastic. Seemed he didn't take too well to Astrid's perfectionist behavior.

"No, no, you were great," Snotlout defended her, trying to brown-nose his way through her. "That was so 'Astrid'."

"She's right, you have to be tough on yourselves," Gobber agreed with Astrid before he heard the Great Hall door open. All eyes turn to Hiccup, entering the hall, sheepishly. Gobber glared at him taking his share of food and continued, "And where did Hiccup go wrong?"

"Uh, he showed up?" Ruffnut asked teasingly.

"He didn't get eaten?" Tuffnut joined his twin, closing the gaps to keep Hiccup from sitting with them, forcing him to sit alone at a vacant table next to them.

"He's never where he should be," Astrid said in a admonishing tone, glaring accusingly at him.

"Thank you, Astrid," Gobber stood up and turned around to take something out of his pockets. "You need to live and breathe this stuff," he laid a giant book in the center of the table, "The dragon manual. Everything we know about every dragon we know of. No attacks tonight. Study up."

The teens looked at Gobber incredulously as he left the Great Hall, staring at the book in shock.

"Wait, you mean read?" Tuffnut exclaimed in disbelief.

"While we're still alive?" Ruffnut mirrored her twin's reaction.

"Why read words when you can just kill the stuff the words tell you stuff about?" Snotlout complained.

Hiccup rolled his eyes quietly as he munched on his drumstick.

"Oh! I've read it like, seven times," Fishlegs jumped into the conversation. "There's this water dragon that sprays boiling water at your face. And there's this other one that buries itself for like a weekâ€|"

"Yeah, that sounds great," Tuffnut interrupted his rambling. "There was a chance I was going to read thatâ€|"

"â€|But nowâ€|" Ruffnut looked bored.

"Well, you guys read, I'll go kill stuff," Snotlout said as he got up to go, followed by the rest of the gang. Hiccup saw Astrid still sipping the last of her drink and tried his luck again.

"So I guess we'll shareâ€|"

"Read it," Astrid said dismissively as she pushed the dragon manual toward him and left, obviously not interested in staying long or being in Hiccup's company.

"Oh, well, all mine then. Wow, so okay. I'll see youâ€|" Hiccup winced at the sound of Astrid slamming the door, "â€|tomorrow. Ah, who am I kiddingâ€|"

Hiccup sighed as he returned to his seat, taking the book with him. As he opened the massive book, the hall slowly became vacant and dark, but for the few candles he's pulled together, leaving him all alone in the Great Hall. He poured through page after page of strange and frightening dragons, muttering to himself about how cheesy he was to try and chat Astrid up and how he would actually get her attention, although if she would even consider a relationship with him, he'd have to share the family secret with her. That thought brought him back again to what the Night Fury did to him and he shook the thought out of his head, focusing on what he was reading.

"Dragon classifications: Strike class. Fear class. Mystery class," Hiccup read, skimming through the pages. Thunderdrum. This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide pools. When startled, the Thunderdrum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight," his eyes drifted to a lurid illustration of decapitated Vikings, then turned to another page again. "Timberjack. This gigantic creature has razor sharp wings that can slice through full grown treesâ€|extremely dangerous. Kill on sight," he turned another page, "Scauldron. Sprays scalding water at its victim. Extremely dangerousâ€|"

The sudden storm outside raged against the shuttered windows, startling Hiccup as he thought probably the Night Fury he had left behind finally changed its mind and barged in, but lucky for him, it was just that: the storm.

"Changewing. Even newly hatched dragons can spray acid. Kill on sight," Hiccup continued, flipping through the pages. "Gronckle.

Zippleback. The Skrill. Bone Knapper. Whispering Death. Burns its victims. Buries its victims. Chokes its victims. Turns its victims inside-out. Extremely dangerous. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight. Kill on sight. Kill on sight.

Hiccup finally landed upon the page he'd been looking for.

"Night Fury," Hiccup noticed that it was blank, no image, save for a few, sparse details. "Speed unknown. Size unknown. The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself. Never engage this dragon. Your only chance: hide and pray it does not find you."

Curious, Hiccup pulled his sketchbook out of his vest and opened it to his drawing of the Night Fury. He laid it over the book's blank page and considered it.

"Maybe," Hiccup muttered quietly to himself. "Just maybe."

* * *

><p>AN: I wonder what is Hiccup considering or planning, eh? We'll just have to follow and see. Reviews plz!

5. Chapter 5

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

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* * *

><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

Another day of dragon-training followed as the recruits were back in the arena, this time being face to face with a Deadly Nadder. They were in a make-shift maze this time, but somehow Hiccup was a bit distracted.

"You know, I just happened to notice the book had nothing on Night Furies," Hiccup asked, looking up to Gobber who was above the arena observing and supervising the training. "Is there another book? Or a sequel? Maybe a little Night Fury pamphlet?"

A blast took the axe head off the hilt of the axe Hiccup was holding, taking him by surprise.

"Focus, Hiccup! You're not even trying!"

"I'm really beginning to question your teaching methods!" Fishlegs protested as he ran for cover.

The recruits were learning to attack this time, the usual shenanigans followed. They managed to last out so far, and figured out the Deadly Nadder's blind spot (indirectly, thanks to the bickering twins), but

Hiccup was still not satisfied with his question unanswered.

"Hey, so how would one sneak up on a Night Fury?"

"None one's ever met one and lived to tell the tale. Now get in there!" Gobber urged.

"I know, I know, but hypotheticallyâ€¦"

"Hiccup!"

Hiccup turned to see Astrid hissing at him to get down as the incoming Deadly Nadder leapt over the walls. While the dragon was busy looking for them at the other side of the wall they were hiding, Astrid managed to somersault her way to the next cover. Hiccup tried to copy her, but the weight of the shield cut him off, and the Nadder immediately caught sight of them.

A chase ensued, with Snotlout trying to (unsuccessfully) be a hero for Astrid, Astrid expertly maneuvered her way around the obstacles and Hiccup just basically running for his life as usual. While the Nadder tore off after mostly her and Snotlout, knocking down walls in pursuit, Hiccup managed wandered up to Gobber again.

"They probably take the daytime off," Hiccup tried his luck again. "You know, like a cat. Has anyone ever seen one napping?"

"Hiccup!"

Hiccup spun round at Gobber's warning to see the maze walls collapsing like dominos toward him. Astrid, who had been going around like a trained gymnast in a sense, came flying through the dust and crash-landed on top of him, laying him out in a limb-tangled mess.

"Oooh! Love on the battlefield!" Tuffnut teased as he and his twin were the first to see them mushed together.

"She could do better," Ruffnut chided as the Nadder closed in, emerging through the cloud of dust.

"Justâ€¦let meâ€¦" Hiccup struggled to untangle himself from Astrid. He could've sworn she was sort of rubbing her knee against him between his legs, which was still a little sore, by the way. "Why don't youâ€¦"

Astrid groaned and managed to untangle herself from Hiccup as the incoming Nadder spun around and raced back toward them like a raptor. She tried to pull her axe from Hiccup's shield, but it was quite attached to his arm, so she had no choice but to plant her foot on his face and yanked the axe free, still burrowed into the shield. Within moments, she swung the axe and shield, scoring a direct hit on the oncoming Nadder's head. It yelped and scurried off, trying to shake off the buzz.

"Well done, Astrid," Gobber said as he made his way to get the dragon back into its cell. Unfortunately no one shared Gobber's praise as Hiccup realized all eyes were on him as he got to his feet. He turned to find Astrid glaring at him, a little winded, but a whole lotta

pissed.

"Is this some kind of a joke to you? Our parents' war is about to become ours," Astrid pointed her axe threateningly at Hiccup. "Figure out which side you're on."

Hiccup watched guiltily as she and the others stomped off and walked out of the arena for their well-deserved break.

-:-

Hiccup peeked out behind the shield he brought along, looking around cautiously. Making sure that the Night Fury was nowhere in sight, he came out from the gap of rocks he was hiding, getting the shield caught in the process, before he slithered out of his hiding place. He had skipped afternoon practice again and had decided to return to the cove to get closer to the Night Fury. He still couldn't understand why he would come back to the creature that had violated him, but he couldn't stop himself. There was something about that dragon, despite what it did to him, that drew him in.

Or to be more specific, he wanted to know why the dragon did what he did to him.

Holding onto the cod he brought along tight, he looked around cautiously again, wondering where the Night Fury was. That was when he felt a sort of foreboding presence behind him and a quiet snort out of the blue. Turning around, he saw the Night Fury, crouched on a rock like a stealthy panther. His breath caught in his throat a little as it descended, approaching him, ready to pounce.

Swallowing his fear, Hiccup offered the fish to the Night Fury. The dragon eyed at it warily for a second before it suddenly growled. Hiccup flinched for a second before he realized the problem: his hunting dagger he brought along tucked in his waist band. Quickly but carefully, he took it out, eliciting another growl, before he dropped it on the ground. The dragon was still not satisfied, jerking its head. Hiccup got the message and kicked it into the pond. Almost immediately, the dragon calmed down and revealed to him the most docile pair of eyes he had ever seen. He would've felt something was awfully cute about this if it weren't a killing machine before him. Slowly, the dragon approached the fish, opening its mouth to be fed, and that's where Hiccup noticed that it was missing its teeth.

"Huh. Toothless," Hiccup noted. "I could've sworn you hadâ€¦"

A set of razor sharp teeth emerge from its gums suddenly to grab the fish. Hiccup exclaimed as it snatched and gnashed the fish up, swallowing it.

"â€¦Teeth."

The dragon licked its lips before it pressed closer with an expectant look. Hiccup retreated nervously.

"Uh, no, no, no, noâ€¦" The Fury backed Hiccup against a rock, placing himself the same position as before. Hiccup was trying hard not to hyperventilate, the dread of the dragon violating him again resurfacing in his heart. "No, I don't have any more!"

The dragon closed in over him, staring blankly. A tense moment passed before the dragon suddenly made a weird choking sound and regurgitated a fish tail onto Hiccup's lap. They exchanged stares, with the dragon flashing a glance at the fish then at him. Hiccup soon realized what the dragon wanted him to do.

Hiccup crouched slowly and squeamishly picked it up. The dragon waited expectantly. He knew he had no choice. With the dragon's eyes watching his every move, he gagged and gnawed off a bite of the slimy fish. When he tried to show that he did what he was told to do, the dragon made a swallowing motion, wanting him to actually ingest the fish. Hiccup groaned inwardly and reluctantly swallowed the fish. It tasted slimy and fishy and raw and nasty and everything in between. He couldn't believe dragons could stand eating like that as he shuddered from the experience. He looked up to see the dragon licking its lips, as if asking him if it tasted good. He forced a smile to show that everything was fine. The dragon squinted its eyes at Hiccup's facial expression before it slowly stretched its lips, trying to mimic him.

Hiccup blinked at the sight before him. There it was, the dragon, the legendary dragon that no one has ever seen, ever caught or ever killed, the dragon that subdued him and robbed him of his innocence, the dragon who had the chance to blow him up into smithereens at any given time, right there in front of him, trying to smile like a human. This was not the dragon he thought he knew. This was not the scary, deadly dragon that burnt down dozens of houses and killed hundreds of people and invaded thousands of villages. This was not the dastardly dragon that tore through his clothes and discovered his family secret and violated him till he almost couldn't sit for a week. This was a dragon that was curious and inquisitive. This was a dragon who just wanted to be left alone and have nothing to do with anything. This was a dragon that didn't know any better.

Amazed at this revelation, Hiccup sat up and tried to touch him. The dragon started for a moment and hissed before it flapped off to a crash on the other side of the cove. He blasted the mossy ground to a red-hot temperature and curled up on it like a giant dog. The sound of chirping from a bird's nest distracted it and it watched as the mother bird flew off to search for food for its young and turned to find Hiccup seated beside him. Hiccup grinned and waved awkwardly at him but it somehow tolerated his persistent presence, giving him a bemused look. It hid its face with its half-tail and Hiccup tried his luck to touch it. Unfortunately the dragon didn't take too kindly at him invading that much of his privacy and glared at him. Hiccup took the hint and scampered away.

This is gonna _be harder than I thought, _Hiccup thought to himself as he made himself scarce.

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The sun was slowly setting. Hiccup was still in the cove and has yet to return for his training, but he couldn't care less. It wasn't really important to him anyway and he wouldn't even make any progress even if he wanted to. So his father will come home and find out he flunked training. So what? He was already used to being a disappointment anyway, what else could go wrong?

The most important thing right now was for him to get to know this

Night Fury and find out why it did what it did to him instead of killing him when it had the chance.

Hiccup stole a look at the dragon that hanging upside down from a tree, obviously taking a nap. He sighed and shook his head as he picked up a random stick and sketched the dragon's face on the sand. He had been trying to reach out for the dragon for quite a while after he scampered off the first time. He tried sitting a slight distance away from him, he tried giving him a reassuring smile at him, he tried to prove that he was not a threat but the dragon wanted none of it. It made it clear that he was not welcomed anywhere near it, and Hiccup had to make do for the rest of day sitting at the other side of the cove staring at him, wondering and pondering until he himself got tired and managed to sneak forty winks himself. By the time he woke up, the sun was setting and the dragon was on the tree, snoozing like nobody's business.

As he sketched some more, he felt a gentle huff against the back of his head and realized that the dragon had taken an interest in his sketching. Aware of his presence, Hiccup continued, trying not to scare him off. Once he was slightly done with the sketch, the dragon walked off. A moment later, he reappeared with an entire sapling, drawing lines in the sand. It rushed here and there, making haphazard lines in every direction, brushing past Hiccup and occasionally stealing a glance at Hiccup, in which Hiccup kept still, not moving from his spot so that he wouldn't drive the dragon away.

Finally, the dragon dropped the tree and inspects his work, seemingly pleased. Hiccup stood and took in the sprawling scribble, amazed by it. He tried to get a good look at what it had drawn when he accidentally stepped onto one of the lines, eliciting an instant growl from the dragon. He flinched at his growl, then stepped on it again to try his luck. The dragon growled again, and got even fiercer each time he did it. Realizing how sensitive it is, Hiccup stepped carefully between each line, turning round and round until he unwittingly bumped into the dragon, earning a snort from it.

Hiccup turned around to find himself face to face again with the dragon. He was a lot closer than he was before when he fed him the fish. The dragon stared back at him in a sort of curious, odd way, standing its ground. Hesitantly, Hiccup slowly extended his hand, hoping that this time, he could actually touch it without feeling cornered. The dragon was not too happy about it as it growled under its breath, but it didn't run away like it did before either. At least that was an almost good sign.

Hiccup finally decided to avoid eye contact with it and let it decide the next course of action. He turned his head away and closed his eyes, keeping his hand held out and hoping for the best. To his amazement, he felt the cold, scaly skin on his fingertip moments later and when he looked up tentatively (after resisting a flinch), he saw the dragon's muzzle pressed gently against his hand. Its eyes were closed and for that short moment, he could see that the facial expression the dragon had was calm, relaxed, comfortable and, most importantly, at peace.

Finally, after the overwhelming feeling of time standing still, the dragon removed itself from Hiccup's hand, wrinkling its nose a little bit, before realizing that Hiccup was watching him. It gave him a slightly defiant look and snorted before going back to his side of

the cove, leaving Hiccup quite astounded at this turn of events.

-:-

Gobber and the recruits were seated at the top of an abandoned catapult tower, toasting campfire food around a roaring bonfire. The training went smoothly again, for most of the crew at least, and Hiccup managed to somehow squeezed in at the last minute for the final training of the day after his visit to the cove. As usual he was reprimanded by Gobber for playing hookey, but he knew Gobber wouldn't hold it against him, since he knew Gobber didn't have much hopes in him lasting out the duration of the training either. As he toasted his fish, deep in thought, Gobber was boasting to the rest of the team about how he ended up with a hook for a hand and a peg for a leg.

"And with one twist he took my hand and swallowed it whole. And I saw the look on his face," Gobber said almost proudly. "I was delicious. He must have passed the word, because it wasn't a month before another one of them took my leg."

"Isn't it weird to think that your hand was inside a dragon? Like if your mind was still in control of it you could have killed the dragon from the inside by crushing his heart or something," Fishleg theorized, oblivious of the weird looks he was getting from his peers.

"I swear I'm so angry right now," Snotlout growled with gritted teeth. "I'll avenge your beautiful hand and your beautiful foot. I'll chop off the legs of every dragon I fight, with my face."

"Un-unh," Gobber said with his mouth full. "It's the wings and the tails you really want. If it can't fly, it can't get away. A downed dragon is a dead dragon."

He looked calm and stoic in front of the crew, but in truth Hiccup was trying to hide his horrified look of what he had done to the dragon from them. That was when everything started to make sense to him: The missing part of the tail, the dragon unable to get out of the cove, its frustrations, the reason why it violated him—it all made sense. It was all his fault. Him and his machine. He took the dragon down with his device. He wrecked his tail. He defeated the most dangerous, most prideful and most legendary dragon in the world. He took away its pride. He took away its freedom.

And it did what it thought was the worst punishment it could think of. The worst punishment it thought he deserved.

Taking away his innocence.

"Alright, I'm off to bed," Hiccup's musing was broken when Gobber stood up and stretched. "You should be too. Tomorrow we get into the big boys. Slowly but surely making our way up to the Monstrous Nightmare. But who'll win the honor of killing it?"

As soon as Gobber hobbled off, the teens reflected on what their mentor had said.

"It's gonna be me," Tuffnut said in a matter-of-fact way as he rolled

up his sleeve to reveal something to the group. "It's my destiny. See?"

"Your mom let you get a tattoo?" Fishlegs gasped as he saw that it was something that looked like a red dragon marking.

"It's not a tattoo. It's a birthmark."

"Okay, I've been stuck with you since birth, and that was never there before," Ruffnut asked suspiciously.

"Yes, it was," Tuffnut replied indignantly. "You've just never seen me from the left side until now."

As the team bickered over whether or not that 'tattoo' was real, Hiccup got up and walked away from the group, almost ignoring Astrid who watched him for a moment as he left the bonfire. The training was not important. The dragons were not important. The kill was not important. All that didn't matter.

What mattered most was making up for what he had done to the dragon.

* * *

><p>AN: Well, looks like Hiccup had his answer to his question. What will he do next? Stay tuned to find out. Reviews plz!

6. Chapter 6

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been Rping scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

Disclaimer: I do not own whatever was used (except OCs) to make this fanfic, but I totally wish I own Toothcup pairings!

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><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

Hiccup was in his small workshop at the back of the blacksmith stall. It was something he managed to convince Gobber to allow him to have for his 10th birthday so that he could work his weaponry and scale models designs. Deep down, he knew he wasn't cut out for the rough and tumble Viking business, so he thought that if he could make better, effective weapons, he would at least be able to contribute to the tribe instead of always being the outcast. Some of his little inventions have worked in the past, thus Gobber tolerates him having that design room, and now he was going to put his little workshop to good use.

He lit a candle and laid his sketchbook out on the desk, opening it to the drawing of the dragon. With a look of determination, Hiccup picked up a charcoal stick and re-drew the missing tail. After making the preliminary sketch for a prosthetic fin for the missing tail, Hiccup spent all night tinkering, forging, twisting and hammering his

prototype fin. It took him almost all night, but he managed to make a decent-sized tail based on his sketches. After inspecting his work and was satisfied with it, he retired for the night, though technically it was already dawning.

He just hoped that this would work.

-:-

Hiccup arrived at the cove again, skipping training for the day. He looked a little winded, straining under the weight of a full basket of fish on his back. Along with the prosthetic fin, he heaved the basket to the ground.

"Toothless~ Oh, Toothless~"

The Night Fury he called Toothless came out from behind the rocks he was napping at and approached, sniffing him. Hiccup decided to give the name 'Toothless' for the dragon since he thought it was a fitting name for it due to its retractable teeth. After he made the fin, he paid a visit to the dragon every end of the day training for a few days to make sure he had the measurements and design right to match the actual other half of the tail. He would then go home to make the necessary adjustments to the prosthetic fin.

During the duration of the visits, he and Toothless had bridged the gap between them bit by bit. Initially, Toothless was still wary and cautious around Hiccup, not allowing him to come near him, but slowly, Hiccup managed to shorten the distance between them, by making small talk and telling it about his day or just anything that came in his mind, until Toothless trusted him enough to allow him to have skin contact with him. Though he still needed to distract Toothless with food whenever he took the measurement and study the good half of the tail, which was what he was doing right now.

"Hey, Toothless," Hiccup smiled as he opened the basket lid. "I brought breakfast. I hope you're hungry," he kicked the basket over, letting the fish spill out. "Okay, that's disgusting."

Toothless approached the pile of fish, sniffing at it to make sure what he had in store for it.

"Uhâ€¦we've got some salmon, some nice Icelandic cod, and a whole smoked eel."

At the word 'eel', Toothless started and growled at it, backing away from it. Hiccup took note of that and quickly removed the eel.

"No, no, no! It's okay. Yeah, I don't like eel much either."

Toothless looked satisfied seeing Hiccup throwing out the eel and it started eating the remainder of the fish. With the dragon distracted, Hiccup unwrapped his prosthetic fin and opened it like a fan.

"Okay. That's it. That's it, just stick with good stuff," Hiccup muttered as he made his way towards the tail. "And don't you mind me. I'll just be back hereâ€¦Minding my own businessâ€¦"

Hiccup cautiously approached the tail with his fin, but every time he

got near it, Toothless swept it away like a cat. Calming the dragon down, he dropped a knee on top of the tail, strapped the prosthetic fin in place and cinched the straps.

"Hmâ€|There. Not too bad. It worksâ€|"

Without warning, Toothless bolted, snapping its massive wings and took to the air, carrying Hiccup with him. Unbeknownst to the poor boy, Toothless had felt odd the moment it was done with its meal and knew that Hiccup was doing something to its tail that may have finally be able to make him fly and get out of the god-forsaken cove. As soon as the straps were cinched, Toothless saw it as a chance for it to get away from him, and zoomed off without wasting time. Hiccup was left struggling to hold on to the tail for dear life, shouting at Toothless to stop and put him down.

As the ground sped away, Toothless immediately tipped into an uncontrolled bank and dive. Hiccup soon noticed the folded fin rattling uselessly in opposition to its flared counterpart. Flap as it may, Toothless couldn't correct its trajectory and was soon plummeting to the ground. Thinking quickly, Hiccup reached for the prosthetic and yanked it open, and almost immediately the flared, fan-like appendage caught the air, stabilizing the twisting tail.

"It's working!" Hiccup exclaimed in excitement as the stabilized Toothless arced just short of the water and climbed high into the air. He tried his luck again by keeping the fin open while turning it so that Toothless maneuvered in the air back into the cove, which worked perfectly. "Yes! Yes, I did it!"

Hiccup's excited voice caught Toothless' attention. The dragon glanced back at him, busily holding the tail open while trying to hold on. It wasn't going to need Hiccup anymore now that the tail fin finally worked. With a sharp turn and a deliberate swish of its tail, it threw Hiccup off its tail into the pond below, causing the redhead to bounce across the water's surface and take a dive. Unfortunately, without Hiccup to operate the tail, Toothless was no longer in control, and ended up doing the same, plunging in a massive cannonball. Moments later, Hiccup resurfaced along with Toothless, roughed up, but beaming.

"Yeah! That was amazing!" Hiccup exclaimed as he swam back up to shore. "I did it! I did it! I made the tail work!"

Toothless swam after him, following behind on shore but did not look as excited as Hiccup was.

"I did it! Finally I made something that actually works! Oh, with a few more calibrations, I might just be able to fix the tail forâ€|"

Hiccup turned around to see Toothless glowering at him. It did not seem to share the same enthusiasm and excitement as he did, and one look at Toothless tossing his wet tail with the prosthetic fin limping beside the good one told him enough.

"I'mâ€|I'm sorry, Toothlessâ€|" Hiccup humbled himself as he looked down guiltily, his hair dripping wet and his clothes stuck to his skin. "I know I'm supposed to helpâ€|I know I made you this way and I

have to fix what I did. I'm really sorryâ€¦I'm trying really hard. Just give me some time and I will fix this and you won't have to be stuck with me any longerâ€¦"

A growl and a shove to the ground silenced him. He looked up to see Toothless glaring down at him, its black pupils in slits. A long pause between them, with Toothless' rumbling growls ringing in his ears, Hiccup broke the ice.

"You'reâ€¦going to punish me again, aren't you?"

Toothless narrowed its eyes.

"You're goingâ€¦to doâ€¦what you did to me when we first metâ€¦aren't you?"

As a response, Toothless leaned down to try and undo his pants with its teeth. Surprisingly it did not try to tear it to shreds like the last time, and it glanced up at him occasionally, as if asking Hiccup to remove his pants for it. Seeing those determined eyes, Hiccup resigned to his fate as he raised his hips to fully remove them.

"Do it. Have your way with me. I won't run."

Toothless was soon on top of him again and flipped him onto his stomach with its muzzle, nosing Hiccup's waist to tell him to raise his hips. Swallowing his fear and trepidation, Hiccup did so and he could feel the dragon's member slipping in between his legs and was probing around, as if trying to find its entrance. It felt slippery and a little slimy to the touch and Hiccup couldn't help flinching at each probe, and when it finally found its entrance and pushed in, a yelp of pain and shock escaped his lips before he could stop it. Gripping at the grass, his body arched forward at every thrust and Hiccup felt Toothless' jaws around his neck again to hold him in place and stop him from struggling. In the midst of the frenzy, he noticed that Toothless did not use his teeth this time to hold him. The soft, rubbery gums were around his neck, strong enough to keep him subdued but not too strong to threaten to decapitate him.

Hiccup whimpered as Toothless continued to thrust into him, feeling himself being stretched to the limit. Every push into him hurt, but surprisingly it did not hurt as bad as the first time he was forced into. In fact, it actually felt a little good. He couldn't believe what he just thought. This wasn't supposed to feel good. This was all so wrong in so many levels, but his body was betraying his brain, and even more so when Toothless actually pushed in deeper, hitting that spot that made him see white, hot stars in his mind's eyes. He did not know what that was or what it meant, but every time it hit it, he felt like he had just been struck by lightning, a sort of tremor that surged from the tip of his head to the tip of his toes. He clawed at the dirt and let out moan after moan, screaming out all the names of the gods, as Toothless had its way with him. An odd reaching sensation burned at the pit of his stomach, but reaching for what, he did not know. All he knew was he had to get there, to reach out and grab it and hold onto it andâ€¦

It was gone.

It was gone before he could reach it, as Toothless let out a roar of completion as it emptied its seed into Hiccup. He was being filled to

the point of overflowing and he could almost feel it in his guts, but he stayed still until Toothless was done. Once the dragon pulled out, Hiccup curled up in a fetal position, crying silent tears as he was once again being violated. His body was sore and tired and wracked with pain, and he couldn't move without feeling as if his crotch was staked through by a spear. He laid there, crying himself to sleep as he kept telling himself that this was his punishment, that he deserved this for taking away Toothless' freedom. He would do his best to make up for what he did, and he would take his punishment like a Viking.

He could've sworn though, as he slowly succumbed to the Land of Nod, that he felt Toothless' tongue licking his forehead gently.

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"Today is about teamwork. Work together and you might survive."

Gas seeped through the cracks of a double-wide door of a dragon's cage. It soon blasted open and a cloud of smoke engulfed the ring, swirling around the paired-up teens: Astrid with Ruffnut, Snotlout with Tuffnut and Fishlegs with Hiccup, all of them carrying buckets of water, poised to throw them.

"Now, a wet dragon head can't light its fire," Gobber's voice echoed in the midst of the gas cloud. "The Hideous Zippleback is extra tricky. One head breathes gas, the other head lights it. Your job is to know which is which."

It was a sound advice and clear-cut instructions, but not exactly very helpful for the team. The smoke cut them off from each other and they were like the blind leading the blind. One mishap after another—involving mistaken identity and soaking the wrong "dragon" and fighting amongst themselves, it was down to Fishlegs and Hiccup's team.

"Chances of survival are dwindling into single digits now!" Fishlegs whimpered worriedly.

"Look out!" Hiccup shouted as a Zippleback head emerged out of the smoke. Fishlegs hurled his water at it, completely dousing the head. Unfortunately it leered and opened its mouth, spewing gas into the area.

"Oh. Wrong head," Fishlegs laughed nervously before fleeing in a panic. Hiccup soon heard a clicking sound coming from behind him, followed by sparks flashing in the smoke. The other Zippleback had swept out of the smoke, revealing itself as it started leering towards him, sparks flickering out of its mouth.

"Now, Hiccup!" Gobber shouted.

Hiccup didn't need to be told twice. He hurled his water with all his might, but sadly it arced and dropped short of the dragon's sparking mouth, barely nicking it.

"Oh, come on!" Hiccup groaned as the dragon grinned at him, ready for the kill. He braced himself, barely hearing Gobber shouting at him to run in the background as both heads moved closer to him.

Out of the blue, in front of the shocked team and Gobber, the Zippleback hesitated, took a whiff of Hiccup and retreated. Before their very eyes, they watched, transfixed, as the Zippleback backed away from Hiccup. Hiccup himself stood his ground and held his hands out, as if controlling it.

"Back! Back! Get back! Now don't you make me tell you again!"

The Zippleback retreated through its door and into its cave, hissing, wanting to attack him, but at the same time fearful to go near him.

"Yes, that's right. Back into your cage!" Hiccup commanded as he slyly opened his vest, revealing the spotted smoked eel he secretly kept after his visit to Toothless earlier. "Now think about what you've done."

He tossed it inside the door, watching the Zippleback cowering away from the eel like it was rat poison, and then slammed the cage shut. As he wiped his hand off the slimy eel's goo and turned to his team and Gobber, he was met with awkward and shocked silence, eyes staring at him and disbelief and every single one of them slack-jawed.

"Okay! So are we done?" Hiccup asked as if it was the most matter-of-fact way to do. "Because I've got some things I need toâ€¦Yup, see you tomorrow!"

Hiccup quickly jogged away from the speechless group before they could react, pretty amazed himself at how well his experiment with the eel went.

* * *

><p>AN: Ooh-hoo~ This is where the fun begins, ladies and gentlemen! Reviews plz!

7. Chapter 7

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

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><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

Ever since that stunt with the Zippleback, the daily routine for Hiccup had gone pretty well. He would do his training in the morning, visit Toothless in the afternoon (which includes either skipping afternoon training or between training breaks) and perfecting the prosthetic tail and other gadgets at night. Sometimes if there were no training, he would be with Toothless all day, getting it used to

the prosthetic fin as well as the saddle and harness, complete with handles and foot pedals, that he built along with the fin since they came to an understanding (forced on Toothless' part) that Toothless cannot fly without Hiccup controlling the fin.

And while he was perfecting the fin, the saddle and the harness for Toothless and training Toothless to fly with him and gaining his trust, he in turn learnt quite a few things about dragons that helped him out greatly during his own dragon-training. For starters, he figured out the reason dragons hate eels like rats hate poison was because it is poison to dragons. Eels have a natural gooey secretion on their bodies that made them so slimy and icky even after they're cleaned and cooked thoroughly, and that secretion, while not dangerous to humans, was very dangerous to dragons. Hiccup found a dead baby dragon in the woods while he was on his way to visit Toothless and found out the poor dragon learnt that the hard way. It turned out that dragons' stomach acid not only was unable to break down and dissolve the secretion of the eel, it actually made the secretion thicker and gooier and would expand until it literally suffocated the dragon from the inside-out, thus the aversion of eels for all dragons.

Hiccup then found out that there is a certain type of soft grass that makes dragons react to it as cats would to cat-nip when he found Toothless rolling around it during one of their flying sessions. It was soft and had a certain euphoric smell that only dragons can pick up and it made dragons like Toothless writhe on its back, tongue wagging, in complete bliss and completely at the grass's mercy. He tried it during dragon-training by holding a handful of it at a Gronckle and it immediately went putty before him, though at everyone else's point of view, he was controlling it with no more than a limp arm.

He also discovered from Toothless that dragons love to be given a neck-rub, or in their case, a neck-scratch, especially behind the ear. He managed to try that on a Nadder during training and he soon caused it to relax and fall over within seconds. He also discovered that dragons are curious and slightly gullible by nature. He found that out quite by accident when he was polishing his hammer and when light caught onto the hammer, the shimmer was reflected onto the grass as a light patch and Toothless was instantly intrigued. It kept them both entertained for hours as Toothless clawed and chased the light patch like a cat chasing a laser pointer. He tried that with a Terrible Terror using his shield and it worked wonders without even needing to fight it with axes and spears at all.

Needless to say, Hiccup's feats during dragon-training had drawn quite a bit of attention, especially when the village Elder caught sight of what he did the first time with the Zippleback and spread the news. He was soon the talk of the town as his peers flock over him like die-hard fans and random villagers giving him praise and admiration. His table at the Great Hall, which was always empty before, now was crowded with people young and old asking about his day during training and what tricks or magic he used to subdue those dragons so easily. He was now the apple of Gobber's eye and he (unintentionally) outshone Astrid, who had been the best recruit so far during training before Hiccup started learning all of Toothless' secrets. He managed to avoid telling them the truth by making feeble excuses or avoiding them, and he almost barely managed to avoid getting caught when Astrid found him in the woods with his harness

when he was on his way to visit Toothless, but all in all, he knew he owed it to Toothless to be able to get through training without being mauled to death, and he felt quite bad for Astrid for stealing her spotlight, as this was not exactly the way he wanted his crush to notice him.

The only thing he couldn't avoid was Toothless' carnal demands. Whenever Toothless let out that distinctive growl or that nudge between his legs or against his ass with its muzzle, or whenever it deliberately made him fall on all fours, or its latest trick where it wrapped its tail around his waist and giving it a squeeze until he was closely pressed against its crotch, he knew that it was time for his ritual punishment. If he ever tried to get away or fight him, the 'neck-brace', as he called it whenever Toothless tried to subdue him with its jaws around his neck, would be onto him like clockwork.

He would resist at first, trying to push him away or verbally refuse him, but after almost a week of fighting a losing battle, he would just sigh and give in whenever it was time. His body had slowly gotten used to stretching and accommodating Toothless' size and it no longer hurt that bad when it entered him. In fact, he found himself actually enjoying it a little when the time came, despite his mind telling him that this was not something to be enjoyed, but something to be endured, since this was his punishment. Toothless would occasionally give his crotch a few licks to ease in a little better, and that made Hiccup felt a little good, especially when Toothless thrust right, it would hit that spot that made him see stars and feel the tremors like before. The only thing that slightly disappointed him was the fact that sometimes he would feel that odd reaching sensation again but it was always gone before he could actually 'reach' it, and he still couldn't understand what that meant.

Not that he would dare to mention it to anyone or admit it to Toothless anyway.

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The streets were empty save for the village lighter who crossed Hiccup's path. He greeted Hiccup, in which Hiccup nodded, trying to look casual. Once the coast is clear, he covertly steered Toothless into the blacksmith's stall. Thankfully, Toothless' hide was black enough to be blending in the darkness of the night, which showed how true the legend was about Night Furies never getting caught.

Hiccup and Toothless were practicing on their flying that day, concentrating on what sort of pedal footwork matches what sort of flying, maneuvering or landing style. Hiccup was writing down the pedal numbers on his cheat sheet when the wind broke the rope that hovered and held Toothless in place against the wind and sent them crashing. It in turn broke his saddle hook and crushed it to the point where he couldn't free himself from Toothless and the only tools and extra spare parts to fix this were in his workshop. He had no choice but to drag Toothless along to the workshop to get it fix and separate them, thus the night skulking.

While Hiccup went about searching for his tools and spare parts, Toothless pressed itself inside, rooting through stuff and making a bit of a racket. Hiccup had to shush him a couple of times.

"Quiet, Toothless! Do you want to get caught?" Hiccup hissed, in

which Toothless accidentally swung his tail onto the bag of tools Hiccup barely held onto. "Oh, look what you did, Toothless! Now stay still! Ugh, where is it? Where is it?"

Hiccup went on all fours, searching in the dark for his tool bag. He dare not light a candle for fear of people finding out that he had a Night Fury hidden away in his workshop, but navigating around the dark with eyes yet adjusted to it was not easy. Suddenly he felt something slick and long rubbing against the seat of his pants, then his pants being lowered down to reveal skin underneath before feeling the slick and long member rubbing between his legs, rubbing against his crotch in a humping movement. Hiccup realized that his position on all fours was inviting to Toothless and he was going to give it what it wants, whether he liked it or not.

"N-Now?" Hiccup whispered nervously as his pants was lowered even more. "But we can't! We're at my guardian's place! we'll be caught!"

Hiccup let out a yelp as Toothless soon pushed into Hiccup, ending the discussion. It was hard for him to keep upright as the dragon thrust into him over and over again, the cramped space of the workshop forcing him at a weird angle. He didn't know whether to be sprawled on the floor or laid flat across the work table, whether to scream out loud or to hold his moans in, whether to stop Toothless or get it over with. All he knew was that this time, Toothless was doing it right and he felt the familiar odd reaching sensation again and was getting closer and closer to reaching it.

"Hiccup?"

Hiccup froze. The owner of the voice outside belonged to Astrid. She must've heard sounds from the workshop and came to investigate. Trying hard to resist the reaching sensation, he forced Toothless to pull out while frantically tries to pry the ring off the saddle hook. It wouldn't budge.

"Are you in there?" Astrid's voice came again, sounded like she was right outside.

Hiccup had no choice. He hastily pulled up his pants and jumped out the window, closing the shutters behind him. Hiccup's harness line was stretched through the window, still attached to Toothless' saddle, but he tried hard to act casual about it.

"Astrid. Hey! Hi, Astrid. Hi, Astrid. Hi, Astrid." Hiccup barely realized he was stammering.

"I normally don't care what people do, but you're acting weird," Astrid started a little when Hiccup jerked from Toothless trying to drag him back inside the workshop. "Well, weirder."

Toothless was getting restless as he pulled harder. Hiccup could tell that it had not been satisfied and was not going to let anyone else get in the way of finishing what it started. As a result, Hiccup was suddenly pulled tight against the window shutters. He struck a pose to compensate before he got pulled through them and landed onto Toothless. The dragon wanted to continue but Hiccup was not about to be caught by his crush Astrid doing the hanky-panky with Toothless and have another person find out about his family secret. The fixing

would have to wait as he tugged hard at the harness line, forcing Toothless to follow his lead and make a clean getaway before Astrid opened the shutters to investigate.

Hiccup had to spend the night at the cove, no thanks to the broken harness, and compensate for that workshop stunt with an all-nighter with Toothless though.

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><p>AN: Ooh, boy~! That sure was kinda awkward~! Anyways, reviews plz!

8. Chapter 8

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

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><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

A lone, battered ship was pulled into a slip, overloaded with equally battered-looking men, the bruises and wounds and their ragged hair illuminated by the light of the dawning sun. They disembarked to a crowd of onlookers, looking like a team of hometown heroes who just had their butts kicked. Gobber hobbles through the mumbling crowd to find Stoick, who was last to disembark and glowering with battered pride.

"Where are the other ships?" Gobber asked a random Viking who moved past him.

"You don't want to know," he mumbled and moved on grudgingly.

Stoick lumbered past Gobber, leaving him staring at the trashed ship.

"Well, I trust you found the nest at least?" Gobber asked hopefully.

"Not even close," Stoick grumbled moodily as he swung his duffel bag over his shoulder.

"Ah. Excellent," Gobber replied knowingly, following Stoick up the ramp and snagging his duffel bag with his hook appendage, sharing the burden.

"I hope you had a little more success than me."

"Well, if by success, you mean that your parenting troubles are over with, thenâ€¦yes."

Stoick stopped, raising a brow at his reply as if asking what does that mean. Before Gobber could explain what he just meant, a group of merry villagers rush past.

"Congratulations, Stoick! Everyone is so relieved."

"Out with the old and in with the new, right?"

"No one will miss that old nuisance!"

"The village is throwing a party to celebrate!"

Stoick was stunned, overwhelmed by the insensitivity. Had something happened to Hiccup? Had he run away from home? Had he been injured? Had he been killed during training? They didn't seem to have found out about Hiccup's secret, but he was still bothered by what might've happened to his son—his only son—to illicit this reaction. A million questions littered his mind as he turned to Gobber.

"He's gone?"

"Yeah—most afternoons," Gobber shrugged. "But who can blame him? I mean the life of a celebrity is very rough. He can barely walk through the village without being swarmed by his new fans."

"Hiccup?" Stoick was doubly confused.

"Who would've thought, eh?" Gobber replied, beaming with pride. "He has this way with the beasts."

It took all of Stoick not to behave like a child being denied candy as he followed after Gobber, demanding an explanation

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Toothless and Hiccup soared through a perfect blue sky, finally deciding to take their first step to fly into the open after months of training. Billowing clouds rose like mountains. The ground seemed miles below them.

"Okay there, bud, we're gonna take this nice and slow," Hiccup said as he checked his cheat sheet clipped onto his harness. After the long months of training, Hiccup had finally got down to confirming several tail positions and their pedal position equivalents that were suitable for their flights. Here we go. Here we go—position three, no, four."

He pressed the pedal, causing the tail to flare. They rolled off into an arcing bank, gloriously lit by the late afternoon sun. Hiccup tucked tight against his neck, thrilled that his new harness and vest are holding. The foot controls make the tail appendage quick and responsive. He watched Toothless' every fluctuation, trying to match it with the prosthetic. Hiccup sized up a target, which was a towering arch of stone, rising from the sea.

"Alright, it's go time. It's go time," Hiccup muttered as they dove toward it, lining up to pass through the arch. "Come on. Come on, buddy. Come on, buddy!"

They zipped through the arch. A perfect maneuver.

"Yeah! Yes, it worked!"

The triumph was short-lived. They smacked into one of several sea stacks as Hiccup tried to keep up with the turns.

"Sorryâ€|" Hiccup said, then hurtled into another rock pillar, making Toothless grumble. "Sorry, that was my fault."

Toothless swatted him with its ear, as if to reprimand him to focus.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm on it," Hiccup grumbled, referring to the cheat sheet. "Position four, no, three."

They soon pierced the clouds. For the first time, Hiccup could see the whole of the island below them. It shrank with every passing second, and it was an amazing scene before him. He swallowed hard and tightened his grip on the handles.

"Yeah! Go baby!" Hiccup shouted excitedly as they went higher and higher. "Yes! Oh, this is amazing! The wind in myâ€|cheat sheet!"

In his excitement, Hiccup didn't realize his cheat sheet coming loose from his harness and tearing free in the turbulence until it brushed past his face. Panicking, he commanded Toothless to stop as he grabbed frantically for it and managed to nab it before it was carried out of reach. Toothless, however, obeyed the command and suddenly stopped beating its wings, causing Hiccup to go weightless as they slowed to a stop. The rings of his vest floated off of the harness hooks and Hiccup suddenly found himself detached, free-falling.

"Oh gods! Oh no!"

Without Hiccup, the tail lost control. Hiccup and Toothless soon started spiral downward like a speeding bullet. Toothless fought to get back under Hiccup.

"Alright, okay. You just gotta kinda angle yourselfâ€|" Hiccup tried to calm the dragon down, he himself having tons of 'I don't wanna die' thoughts racing through his mind. "No, noâ€|come back down towards me. Come back downâ€|"

Hiccup extended his arms and legs, giving himself as much surface area as he can. He angled back towards Toothless as the tumbling dragon accidentally whacked Hiccup with its wing as it continued to spiral. After a few more misses, Hiccup finally grabbed hold of the harness and manages to lock in just in time to pull Toothless out of his dive, barely shy of the tree tops. They careened past the wooded cliff and directly into a treacherous slalom course of jutting sea stacks. Hiccup pulled the cheat sheet from his teeth and attempted to check positions, but unfortunately it flapped violently in the turbulence, making it impossible to even see a picture, let alone concentrate on a position.

With no time to think, Hiccup threw the cheat sheet away and decided to steer Toothless' tail on his own. Instinct kicked in along with

intuition somehow as together, they manage a tight, hair-raising series of split-second turns around the rock pillars. There were a few close-calls, but finally, after what felt like forever, they made it to the open water unscathed. Hiccup took a breath and glanced back at the death-defying obstacle course, now safely behind them, and beamed, relieved.

"YEEAHH!" Hiccup hollered as he sat back and threw his arms up in victory.

Toothless concurred his triumph with a happy squeal and a fireball. Hiccup's glee turned to dread as he saw that they were flying directly into it.

"Ah, come on!"

--

Hiccup and Toothless lounged on a sprawling, deserted beach on a tiny island just a couple of miles away from the Wild Zone, snacking of freshly caught fish after a long day of more test runs. Hiccup's hair was a little singed and blown back by the fireball that Toothless shot out, but at least he wasn't burnt into a crisp, though he didn't really appreciate Toothless' amused look whenever it caught a glance at his hair. As Hiccup cooked his fish over the fire, Toothless regurgitated a fish head for him. He learnt that it was something dragons do for their friends and companions as a sign of goodwill, as Toothless had demonstrated a few times when he fed him fish after a long day's training. Hiccup smirked with forced politeness.

"Uh...no, thanks," Hiccup said as he gestured to his fish on a stick, trying to resist looking a little disgusted. "I'm good."

Out of the blue, several Terrible Terrors landed before them like seagulls, hissing and nipping at each other as they approached Toothless' pile of fish. Hiccup was a little nervous at seeing them; he had seen only one during training, he had never seen a whole flock of them and it made him worry about what they would do and how would they behave in such sheer numbers. Thankfully they were more interested with Toothless' hoard rather than Hiccup, though Toothless was not too happy with sharing, growling at them threateningly. One Terror managed to grab the regurgitated fish head and dragged it away. Another attempted to steal it from it. They face off and blasted fire balls at each other to settle the fight.

Hiccup and Toothless watched them bickering, amused. That is until Toothless spotted one of his fish leaving the pile, exposing a stealthy Terrible Terror as the thief. They tugged on the fish, and it snapped back into Toothless' mouth, leaving only a small piece of the fish's tail in the Terror's mouth. Toothless swallowed it back tauntingly. Irrate, the little dragon pawed at the ground and tried to blast Toothless. It opened his mouth, the gas hiss came, and an un-amused Toothless fired a tiny flame straight into its mouth, causing the gas to backfire into the little dragon. It coughed up smoke and staggered away, looking ill.

"Not so fireproof on the inside, are you?" Hiccup laughed as he threw the hapless Terror his freshly cooked fish. "Here you go."

The appreciative little dragon gulps down the meal and approached Hiccup cautiously. Slowly it curled up next to him. Hiccup was amazed. The Terrible Terror who was known to violence at the slightest provocation and can chew off almost anything without even trying was right there, sleeping beside him, nestled docilely like a home-bred cat without a care in the world. Hiccup carefully reached over to pet him and it didn't turn to tear his hand off. Instead it let out a purr and nuzzled Hiccup even closer.

"Everything we know about you guys is wrong," Hiccup said pensively, surprised at this revelation.

Seeing their companion snuggled so comfortably against this human, the other Terrors soon closed in, crowding around him and settled themselves happily on his lap. One of them somehow boldly leaned close to Hiccup's crotch and started sniffing about him, as if picking some sort of scent. Hiccup blushed as he tried to stop the Terror and wriggle away from it, but the other Terrors soon followed, suddenly very interested at Hiccup's lower half of the body. Toothless suddenly reacted by roaring at the Terrors, smacking them off Hiccup and curled around him protectively, growling as it did when it was trying to protect its hoard. A few verbal altercations between Toothless and the Terrors and the flock of little dragons soon hissed and flew away, leaving them alone.

"Woah! What was that about?" Hiccup tried to cover his blush as he got out of Toothless' embrace, in which Toothless growled and held him back down, eyeing warily around as if worried that the Terrors might return. Hiccup sighed, "I know, I know. You're the only one who can punish me. No one is allowed to touch me, is that what you're trying to say?"

Toothless, after looking around some more, eased up and let go of Hiccup, returning to its meal. Hiccup took a smaller fish from the hoard making sure that Toothless was OK with it and cooked it over the fire, which was almost dying out.

"You do realize that I'm male, right?" Hiccup, after taking a small bite from his cooked fish, broke the silence between them. "Even though you have been doing these things to me?"

Toothless responded with a pitched purr, as if questioning him.

"I'm sure you noticed that I don't look like the other guys from my village, right? I'm smaller and weaker and slower than most of them and I—" Hiccup sighed in resignation. "I suppose I owe you an explanation as to why I look like this."

Toothless gulped down its last fish and poised itself towards Hiccup, as if listening to what he had to say, a pose he always did when Hiccup would try to tell him about his day.

"I'm—I'm cursed," Hiccup blurted out. "Well, to be precise, my mom's side of the family is cursed. She came from a very poor village back up South, and where she came from, there was almost always famine at certain times of the year, because they were living within trespassing territories of an ancient clan of demons of the woods. The village was too poor to move out of that place or invade and pillage other places to live, and at the time, that was the best affordable place they could settle in."

"After praying to the gods for a miracle, her village elder decided that every family, including the village head, who's my mom's ancestor, must hand in their first-born daughter every year as a sacrificial bride to the demon of the woods to pacify them and curb the famine. I dunno the details, but basically they drew lots to see who was the unlucky family to sacrifice their girl, then they would dress the girl up in Viking bridal clothes, give her a few well-wishes and a basket of offerings for her to bring along for the demon, and they would watch as she slowly disappeared into the darkness of the woods. What happened to her was anyone's guess.

"It worked for a few generations and my mom's village prospered for a while, before finally my mom became the luck of the draw. You see, my mom was the only child in the family. My mom's dadâ€"my other grandpa and then Chief of her tribeâ€"wanted to merge tribes to escape poverty, and chose Berk as his best option. He thought that if he married my mom to my dad and move out of the place, everything would be a-OK. But the demons of the woods weren't too happy about letting this good ol' tradition die out when they were getting it so good, and they were not about to be denied a bride that year. Rules were the rules and my mom has to become the next sacrificial bride, until her dad got sick of it and decided to cook up a plan to destroy those demons once and for all.

"He gathered all of the village's best men, snuck into the woods while watching over my mom's back as she walked in, then when the demons showed up, they slay them one by one until not a single demon was left. You might think it was a happily ever after ending, but my grandpa's stunt came with a price. My mom's village was cursed with a mysterious illness that caused every woman in the village to become barren. None of them could have kids and they were dying out faster than the famine. When Mom married Dad after their dads signed the merger treaty, she had given birth to so many stillborns; I wasn't even expected to survive.

"But I did, at the cost of my mom's life when she gave birth to meâ€"and her curse was brought down to me," Hiccup sighed as he crossed his legs a little. "Iâ€"I'm born with girl parts, that's why you couldâ€"do whatever you did to me. I still have my boy parts, but it's useless, it's only for peeing. I'm born with the curse of 'a son who will never be truly a son', and I know my dad hates me for it. Sometimes I think he believes that I was the reason Mom died, and sometimes I think he's right. So far only Dad and I and the midwife who delivered me knew about my secretâ€"my dad made her swear to secrecyâ€"and we have been hiding it ever since," Hiccup let out another huge sigh of relief. "Phew! Well, that felt pretty good, to get everything off my chest. So now you knowâ€"!"

Hiccup's voice trailed away as he saw Toothless really close to him, looking at him with glazed eyes. It almost looked like it was going to cry after listening to his story. Hiccup tried to laugh it away.

"Oh, come on, it was so long time ago. Anyway, I'm used to it already. I'm really good at keeping secrets andâ€"Ackâ€"!"

Hiccup was suddenly thrown back as Toothless lunged towards him, curling tightly around him. He tried to push it away but it curled even tighter, letting out strong, deep purrs that rumbled at his

ears. He felt Toothless' giant paws wrapped around him and he realized that he was being hugged. The dragon actually felt sorry for him and was trying to make him feel better.

"It's OK, Toothless. I'm fine, I'm justâ€¦justâ€¦"

Hiccup finally couldn't hold back as he hugged Toothless back, letting sobs of agony and pain that he had kept bottled inside him for years since he learnt about his family secret. Sobs led to whimpers, whimpers led to whines, whines led to wails and finally wails led to screams as he let everything out in Toothless' chest. He cried long and hard, tears streaming down his cheeks as he cried for the death of his mother, the disappointment of his father, the annoyance of his peers and the ignorance of his villagers. All the years of pain and suffering he felt as the burden of being the disgraceful son of the Chief and the curse of being a freak that weighed him down burst out of him through his cries. Everything that he felt, everything that he endured, everythingâ€¦was released right there and then, in the arms of the most unlikely yet needed companion he had ever had in his life.

By the time he calmed down from his crying, Hiccup realized that he was warmly snug in Toothless' embrace and the dragon had not stopped licking his tears away since he started pouring his heart out. Sniffing, he pressed his head against Toothless' muzzle.

"Punish me. Make me pay for what I've done. Please punish me," Hiccup couldn't believe he was actually saying that, but he wasn't lying either. He needed the punishment. He needed something, anything, to make him forget all the pain he had felt for all these years.

Toothless looked down at him for quite a long while, then growled a little with a gentle shake of its head before leaning down, nuzzling Hiccup's collar until it could see his neck. It then reached down and bit Hiccup, drawing blood and leaving a mark with its two front teeth. Hiccup hissed at the sting but before he could ask what it was doing, Toothless moved to Hiccup's lips, licking them to part them open before pushing the tip of its tongue in, encouraging him to reciprocate. Hiccup did so and realized that he was doing a sort of tongue dance with it, like a dragon kiss, and it got more and more sensual to the point where Hiccup actually felt aroused.

"Wâ€¦Whaâ€¦What are you doing, Toothleâ€¦"ahhâ€¦!"

Toothless was not in the mood for idle chatter as it nuzzled Hiccup's clothes, pushing his shirt up to reveal his bare chest as its tail worked to push his pants down. Hiccup unconsciously raised his hips to allow the pants to slide off as he moaned at Toothless' tongue roaming around his naked body, flicking at his nipples and licking at an area that was near Hiccup's belly button that made him hitch and moaned even louder and higher. Hiccup was a little scared at this turn of events; Toothless had never done this before. Usually it would just force Hiccup to take off his pants and he would let it have its way with him. This was different, more intimate, more sensual, as if the dragon was trying to prepare his whole body for the punishment.

"Pâ€¦Pleaseâ€¦T-Toothlessâ€¦I'm scaredâ€¦"

Toothless purred as it leaned up and licked Hiccup's lips again. This time Hiccup responded and returned the kiss quite eagerly, and while he was distracted, Toothless soon probed its member around Hiccup's crotch until it found what it was looking for and pushed in.

That was when he suddenly felt a burning sensation on the area where Toothless bit him. It wasn't painful, but it was uncomfortable nonetheless, and that heat surged through his whole body for a moment or so before it settled into his chest where his heart was. Without warning, he was bombarded with feelings and images that were not his own. The images were cloudy, as if surrounded by mist, but not that thick that he couldn't see. He saw himself being violated on the first day they met, followed by a strong feeling of anger, hatred and vengeance.

He saw the days that followed as he tried to get to know Toothless, followed by a feeling of apprehension, suspicion, wariness, then slowly a mix of curiosity, wonder, amazement and acceptance. He then saw the day he helped Toothless to fly with his prototype finâ€"along with the feeling of relief and freedomâ€"and the moment they both fell into the pond. He saw himself dripping wet, his hair matted onto his freckled face, the clothes so wet it stuck onto his skin and pronounced every single detail of his body within it. The feeling that came with it as he saw himself being punished wasâ€"lust? Passionâ€"? Andâ€"loveâ€"?

As Toothless thrust deeper into him, he suddenly felt those feelings too. Every lick it gave him, every thrust he made, every purr and rumbling moan that came out of its mouth, was filled with those emotions. All the hatred and anger and vengeance were gone. It no longer held those feelings towards Hiccup. It had already stopped a long time ago. It was now replaced with such passion and love and need that Hiccup could almost feel his heart bursting with it. He felt everything that Toothless felt, and deep down inside, he knew Toothless felt his own too.

They were bonded. Heart and soul.

Toothless, from that bite, had taken Hiccup as its mate and they were tied together now with a bond so close, not even Thor's hammer could break it apart. Whatever fleeting feelings Hiccup had for Astrid was long gone, and was replaced with the carnal need and desire to be one with Toothless, the dragon he defeated, the dragon he conqueredâ€"the dragon he loved.

"Yesâ€"Yes, right there, Toothlessâ€"!" Hiccup whined as he felt Toothless thrusting him right this time. "Right there, don't stopâ€"!!"

Toothless gave him a gentle dragon smile and did just that. The odd reaching sensation came again, and Hiccup soon found himself moaning and whining in pleasure, begging Toothless to keep going, to not stop, to let him reach that point he had never reached before. As Toothless hit him harder and deeper than ever before, the sensation got stronger and stronger. He was almost there, almost right there. He just needed to reach, just a bit moreâ€"

"OH GODS, TOOTHLEEEEEESSSSâ€"!!"

Toothless let out an equally loud roar as it climaxed long and hard into Hiccup, feeling Hiccup's inner muscles squeezing him like a vice as Hiccup finally reached that point and felt like he had just exploded into a million pieces and been put back together again. That was it. That was the feeling he had been dying to reach all this while. And when he felt what Toothless felt, he finally understood that reaching sensation. It was a climax, an orgasm. His very first orgasm ever.

And it felt amazing.

Hiccup blushed hard as he finally found his brain and his voice, and couldn't believe the next thing that came out of his mouth.

"Câ€|Can weâ€|do thatâ€|againâ€|?"

The Night Fury didn't need to be asked twice.

* * *

><p>AN: Mm~mmh~ That was dragon sex at its best~! Hope you guys enjoyed that while I work on the next chapter. Reviews plz!

9. Chapter 9

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPinng scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

Disclaimer: I do not own whatever was used (except OCs) to make this fanfic, but I totally wish I own Toothcup pairings!

* * *

><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

Hiccup was lost in thought, his head laid of a desk full of Toothless drawings, his mind burdened with the weight of the world. He and Toothless had been at it all afternoon and all evening, making love till they lost track of time. By the time Hiccup regained consciousness after sleeping off almost half a dozen afterglows later, the moon was high in the sky. He didn't want to leave Toothless, not when he had finally understood him, but he had to go back home before people started looking for him.

After realizing their feelings for each otherâ€|losing his infatuation for Astrid in the processâ€|and realizing that he had just become a dragon's mate, the situation before him was getting a whole lot more complicated. On one side, he had become the village's pride and joy for being a sort of dragon whisperer, defeating dragons left and right and acing the training without even trying, and was now a candidate next to Astrid for the upcoming trials next month to have his first kill. On the other side, he had become one with dragons, seeing them in a different light and ultimately become the legendary Night Fury's mate, a 'wife' of sorts, betraying his own kind by fraternizing with the enemy.

Not something you could achieve overnight.

While Hiccup tried to figure out how to get out of this situation, suddenly Stoick appears in the doorway of his workshop. Hiccup jumped and quickly covered up his desk.

"Dad! You're back!" Hiccup skirted the bench, blocking Stoick's view of Toothless, the prosthetic fin, and other drawings. He struck an awkwardly casual pose, trying to cover up as much as possible.

"Gobber's not here, soâ€¦"

"I know," Stoick replied. "I came looking for you."

"Youâ€¦You did?" Hiccup felt caught in between a rock and a tight place somehow.

"You've been keeping secrets," Stoick's voice was stern, causing Hiccup's legs to give out. He slid, dragging the table's contents with him.

"Iâ€¦have?"

"Just how long did you think you could hide it from me?"

"I don't know what you'reâ€¦"

"Nothing happens on this island without me hearing about it."

Hiccup really felt very cornered right now.

"So," Stoick said as he put his hands on his hips. "Let's talk about that dragon."

Blood drained from Hiccup's face. How did he find out about Toothless? Had someone seen him together with Toothless? Had someone been following him? Or worse, had someone been seeing him having sex with Toothless? Stoick was going to kill him for sure, him and Toothless. No doubt about it.

"Oh gods. Dad, I'm so sorry. I was going to tell you. I just didn't know how toâ€¦"

Stoick started laughing out of the blue. The big, booming kind of laugh that genuinely showed that his father was happy. Hiccup stared, baffled.

"You're notâ€¦upset?"

"What? I was hoping for this!"

"Uhâ€¦you were?" Hiccup felt a little hopeful that maybe having Toothless as a mate wasn't such a bad idea for him after all.

"And believe me, it only gets better! Just wait till you spill a Nadder's guts for the first time," Stoick exclaimed, causing Hiccup's elated expression to sink as he realized they weren't talking about the same thing; he was talking about him being the village's so-called dragon whisperer, but Stoick was too excited to notice his face. "And mount your first Gronckle head on a spear. What a feeling!" Stoick laughed and smacked Hiccup on the shoulder, sending

him into the wall. "You really had me going there, son."

Hiccup got back up, grimacing in the irony of it all.

"All those years of the worst Viking Berk has ever seen! Odin, it was rough. I almost gave up on you! In fact, I was tempted to the moment you were born with the curse, I must admit. And all the while, you were holding out on me! Oh, Thor Almighty!" Stoick grabbed a stool and sat before Hiccup, his massive frame nearly filling the tiny room. "Ahhhhh~ With you doing so well in the ring, we finally have something to talk about."

There was a slight pregnant pause. Hiccup averted his eyes nervously while Stoick adjusts, staring at Hiccup with anticipation, hoping to hear something from Hiccup about his escapades or thoughts during training while he was gone. Hiccup couldn't say anything. There was nothing to say. They weren't even in the same page. Stoick was hoping to hear of his son's exploits in the ring. Hiccup was hoping to tell his father his experience with Toothless and break the news that he was officially getting a dragon for a son-in-law of sorts. There was nothing in common between their thoughts. In fact Hiccup was dangerously on unfamiliar grounds at this point. After a long, uncomfortable silence, Stoick broke the ice.

"Oh, I, uh, brought you something," Stoick presented a horned helmet. "To keep you safe in the ring."

"Wow. Thanks," Hiccup replied sincerely. He had never had a decent gift from his father; this was the first. Hiccup accepted the helmet, looking it over.

"Ah, your mother would've wanted you to have it," Stoick said with a heartfelt tone. "It's half of her breast plate."

Hiccup almost jerked his hand away from touching the top of the helmet, trying to contain his grimace. Stoick tapped his own helmet and smiled.

"Matching set. Keeps her close, y'know? Wear it proudly. You deserve it. You've held up your end of the deal."

Hiccup saw that Stoick was beaming with pride. Hiccup squirmed uncomfortably at the look, his heart overridden with guilt. He forced a yawn.

"I should really get to bed, you know. Big training tomorrow."

Stoick started and got up, the both of them talking over each other.

"Yes! Good! Okay. Good talk!"

"See you back at the house!"

"We should do this again. I'm glad I stopped by!"

"Great. Thanks for stopping by!"

"I hope you like the hat!"

"Yeah, And for theâ€¦the, uh, breast hatâ€¦"

"Wellâ€¦uhâ€¦good night."

Stoick left the room awkwardly, leaving Hiccup looking more burdened than ever.

-:-

A Gronckle hovered above the ring, hunting victims as the teen recruits scrambled. Astrid ducked behind a barrier to find Hiccup already there. She forces her axe at his throat.

Stay out of my way!" Astrid warned. "I'm winning this thing."

"Please, by all means," Hiccup replied, actually meaning it, as he watched her darting off, closing fast on the dragon. The crowd above cheered her on.

It was the trials for the finals. Hiccup and Astrid were the best two so far throughout the training to excel and be in line to make their first kill as a proper Viking. As much as he didn't want to, Hiccup had to attend. He stood and looked around. Amidst the crowd of onlookers, Stoick watched keenly, beaming with pride. He locked eyes with Hiccup, giving him a nod of encouragement. Hiccup adjusted his new helmet and forced a half-hearted smile, hoping that he would somehow find a way to purposely fail in the trials so that Astrid can take the finals instead of him. Unbeknownst to Hiccup, the Gronckle spots him and makes a bee-line towards him.

He couldn't help himself. His fight-or-flight instincts kicked in and his hands automatically reached over to give the Gronckle the neck-scratch. Before he knew it, the Gronckle was already laid out, and Astrid was left with nothing to kill and nothing to show for. Hiccup shrugged, as unhappy with the situation as she was, and tried to step aside and let her come over to give the Gronckle the killing blow, but the trials was already over and Astrid ended up screaming in frustration and throwing tantrums.

"No! No! No! Son of a half-troll, rat-eating munge bucketâ€¦"

A loud clack rang out. From the crowd above, the village Elder stepped forward, tapping her staff. Everyone lit up excitedly, waiting for the Elder's decision.

"So, later," Hiccup attempted to leave but Gobber snagged him right back.

"Not so fast, boy."

"I'm kinda late forâ€¦"

"What?" Astrid shouted lividly as she aimed her axe at his throat again. "Late for _what_, exactly?"

"OK, quiet down. The elder has decided," Stoick said as he held out his hands to silence the jabbering crowd.

Thrilled, Gobber stands behind Hiccup and Astrid. He pointed to Astrid as the crowd waited in silent anticipation. The Elder shook her head 'no'. The crowd ooh-ed. Gobber then pointed to Hiccup. The elder nods an affirmative 'yes'. The crowd erupted in cheers. Astrid turned a seething, deadly glare on Hiccup.

"You've done it! You've done it, Hiccup!" Gobber exclaimed happily. "You get to kill the dragon!"

"Ha, ha! That's my boy!" Stoick beamed.

Hiccup was hoisted onto Fishlegs' shoulders and carried out to the cheering spectators.

"Heh, heh. Oh yeah! Yes! I can't wait," Hiccup cheered as well, masking his panic. "I am soâ€¦!"

Leaving.

* * *

><p>AN: Yup, he totally leaving. Better leave while he still can!
Reviews plz

10. Chapter 10

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been Rping scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

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* * *

><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

"Toothless, we're leaving. Let's pack up. Looks like you and me are taking a little vacation, forever."

Toothless was nowhere in sight. Hiccup set down his basket and opened it up, his head clouded with troubles. He knew he was running away from them but he had no other choice. If he stayed, he would have to go along with the finals and kill a dragon, which he didn't want to as it would be betraying Toothless and his kind. He had nothing against dragons anyway and there was no reason for him to kill them when he had just started to get to know them. As he checked his supplies, he suddenly heard the sound of a rock against a sword. He looked up to the sound and found Astrid, sitting on the rock right in front of him, sharpening her axe.

"Aggh! What theâ€¦!" Hiccup was shocked at first, then tried to recompose himself. "What are you doing here?"

Astrid hopped off the rock and back him down, spinning her axe threateningly. Hiccup's eyes darted around nervously, searching for Toothless.

"I want to know what's going on," Astrid said as she walked up to Hiccup, as if cornering him. "No one just gets as good as you do. _Especially_ you. Start talking! Are you training with someone?"

"Uhâ€¦training?" Hiccup pretended to be oblivious about this.

"It better not involve this," Astrid grabbed him by his odd-looking harness.

"I know this looks really bad, but you seeâ€¦this is, uhâ€¦"

They heard a rustle coming from the other side of the cove. Astrid dropped Hiccup to the ground and set off to investigate. Hiccup panicked as he ran towards Astrid, trying to distract her.

"You're right! You're right. I'm through with the lies. I've been makingâ€¦outfits. So you got me. It's time everyone knew. Drag me back. Go ahead. Here we goâ€¦"

Hiccup put her hand back on his harness, getting her to 'drag him back'. Astrid responded by bending Hiccup's hand backwards, driving him down.

"AAAAUUGGGHHH! Why would you do that?"

"That's for the lies," Astrid pounced the hilt of her axe off of Hiccup's laid-out body. "And _that's_ for everything else."

Hiccup's yelp was answered with a growl, coming from the other side of the cove. Astrid looked up to see Toothless who was coming out of the shadows. Toothless pounced toward them, snarling. Hiccup groaned feebly as he knew their cover was blown. As all Vikings would behave when they see a dragon, she dove onto Hiccup.

"Get down! Run! Run!" Astrid pulled her axe, ready to take on Toothless.

"No!" Hiccup knocked Astrid's cocked axe to the ground, out of reach, then stopped Toothless short of crushing her. "No. It's okay! It's okayâ€¦"

Toothless pulled up short and landed hard, spraying Astrid with sand.

"She's a friend."

Toothless snorted in disagreement, and Hiccup could feel it in him. But he had to be the rational party here as he tried to convey his calming feelings to Toothless. Astrid was a bit frozen with shock as she tried to get on her feet. Toothless still wanted to have a go at her but Hiccup held him back.

"You just scared him," Hiccup said a bit accusingly to Astrid.

"I scared him?" Astrid exclaimed in disbelief. "Who is _him_?"

"Astrid, Toothless," Hiccup tried to introduce them both. "Toothless,

Astrid."

Toothless growled at her, not too happy to be introduced to someone who wanted to kill him and got in between him and his mate. Hiccup could feel a hint of jealousy in Toothless' growl, and he knew Toothless knew he used to have a crush on Astrid at one point. Astrid backed away, eyeing Hiccup and Toothless together with pure disgust. She turned and ran for the village.

"Ta-tadah, we're dead,"

Satisfied with Astrid's departure and demonstrated his supremacy, Toothless turned away.

"Where do you think you're going?" Hiccup asked Toothless, demanding the dragon to come back.

Toothless grumbled as he stared at Hiccup in bemusement. He knew his mate wanted him to do something, he just didn't want to, but he also knew that there was nothing he could do to persuade Hiccup otherwise, as he could feel Hiccup's nagging, urging bond in his own heart.

"Well?"

Toothless rolled his eyes. He was going to regret this.

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Astrid raced through the trees, determined to return to the village to tell everyone what she had just saw. A large shadow overtook her, and she was suddenly snatched into the air.

"Oh great Odin's ghost, this is it!" Astrid screamed in panic, groping at Toothless' claw that held her tight on the shoulder.

Hiccup and Toothless flew Astrid to the top of a towering pine. It bowed and creaked under their weight as Astrid dangled a hundred feet in the air.

"Hiccup! Get me down from here!" Astrid demanded as she tried to keep her hold on the branch she was dropped onto.

"You have to give me a chance to explainâ€¦!" Hiccup tried to calm her down but Astrid would have none of it.

"I'm not listening to ANYTHING you have to say!"

"Then I won't speak. Just let me show you," Hiccup pleaded as he extended a hand. "Please, Astrid."

She eyed him and the dragon, then the ground far, far below. After a moment, she swatted Hiccup's outstretched hand away and reluctantly climbed over the pedal, lines, and harness. She settled behind Hiccup, avoiding as much contact as possible.

"Now get me down."

"Toothless? Down," Hiccup urged his mate as he patted softly at

Toothless' neck. "Gently."

Toothless leered mischievously, which Hiccup barely just felt that but he brushed it away, thinking Toothless wouldn't do what he thought he was going to do. The dragon spread his wings slowly, in which they fill with the updraft. Toothless released the tree, tucks in his legs, and hovered in place.

"See? Nothing to be afraid of!"

Toothless, without warning, suddenly launched straight upward. Astrid screamed in horror. The acceleration was tremendous. Every downbeat bucked the saddle, heaving them into the sky, doubling their speed like a rocket. Astrid was thrown backward. She screamed and hugged Hiccup for dear life, squeezing the breath out of him.

"Toothless! What is wrong with you? Bad dragon!" Hiccup shouted, mortified at Toothless' stunt. He tried to reassure Astrid. "He's not usually like this. Oh no!"

Toothless rolled and plummeted toward the coastline far below. Astrid screamed for her life again as Toothless rocketed over the ocean waves, deliberately dipping them in the froth and soaking them, mostly Astrid as the dip was mostly the tail end.

"Toothless, what are you doing? We need her to like us!"

Toothless ignored Hiccup, rocketing skyward and began tumbling head over tail.

"And now the spinning," Hiccup groaned in sarcasm. "Thank you for nothing, you useless reptile."

"Okay! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Astrid clamped her hand over her eyes, begging. "Just get me off of this thing!"

Astrid was defeated, her aggressive energy gone. Satisfied, Toothless relented. They leveled off and headed up into the clouds. Astrid opened her eyes again, and looked out over a world she'd never dreamed of. She reached out and touched clouds, pierced columns ablaze in golden hues, and floated over a vast, alien sky-scape. Her terror was replaced by wonder. She grinned, despite herself.

They continued flying about until nightfall, impressing her with the high-altitude scenery around her. Toothless rose above a blanket of clouds and leveled off under a starry sky. They emerged from a blanket of clouds under the dancing Northern Lights, shimmering in ribbons across the vast sky. Below them, Berk's torches flickered in the inky darkness. The new perspective is breathtaking. Astrid tucked her arms around Hiccup's waist, resting her chin onto his shoulder. Hiccup smiled at that gesture. If he were still crushing over her back then, he would've been elated, head over heels over this, but now that he didn't really feel that much for her ever since he had Toothless, it felt pretty good to at least know that Astrid acknowledged him, even as a friend.

Toothless climbed past Berk's tallest peaks and headed out over open water, leaving the village lights behind them, and Astrid looked almost like she was reluctant to leave such beautiful scenery

"Alright I admit it. This is pretty cool. It'sâ€¦amazing," Astrid carefully reached down and patted Toothless' side. "He's amazing."

Toothless purred appreciatively.

"So what now?" Astrid asked, eliciting a groan from Hiccup. It's a problem without an answer. "Hiccup, your final exam is tomorrow. You know you're going to have to killâ€¦" she lowered her voice so that Toothless wouldn't hear, "â€¦kill a dragon."

"Don't remind me. Iâ€¦"

Hiccup's words were cut short when a strange, unearthly din approached. Toothless' ear plates suddenly stand on end. Panicked, he abruptly dove, dipping into cloud cover.

"Toothless! What's happening? What is it?"

Toothless' fear and anxiety suddenly reflected in Hiccup's heart, as if trying to telling him to keep it down. Suddenly, out of the dense cloud, a Monstrous Nightmare emerged.

"Get down!" Hiccup hissed as they both ducked. The Nightmare called out. A Zippleback appeared to the other side of Toothless, boxing him in.

"What's going on?" Astrid asked worriedly.

"I don't know," Hiccup admitted. "Toothless. You've got to get us out of here, bud."

Toothless hissed for them to keep quiet. Other dragons, previously invisible in the thick clouds, appeared all around them. Hundreds of them, all carrying fish and game in their talons.

"It looks like they're hauling in their kill," Hiccup whispered as he flinched at the sight of a Zippleback eyeing them ravenously.

"What does that make us?" Astrid asked worriedly.

The dragons banked and dived in formation, plummeting through the thickening fog and weaving between towering, craggy sea stacks. They emerged at the base of a massive volcanic caldera, glowing with rivulets of lava. The flock of dragons fell into rank, funneling through a crack, and zipping through a winding tunnel. It gave way to a vast, steamy inner chamber, tiered with pocky shelves. Dragons of all breeds laid about, nested in hordes. The arriving dragons fly in, dropping the fish and game into a central pit, glowing red and shrouded in mist.

"What my dad wouldn't give to find this," Hiccup breathed in amazement at what he was witnessing.

Toothless peeled away from the procession, landing on a small shadowy shelf to keep a low-profile. Hiccup and Astrid peeked around, taking in the busy hive of sorts. They watched as the food continued to be dropped into the pit.

"Oh, well, it's satisfying to know that all of our food has been dumped down a hole," Hiccup noted sarcastically.

"They're not eating any of it," Astrid said, odd out about it.

Last to arrive was a dim-witted Gronckle. It hovered over the pit and regurgitates his paltry contribution, which was a pathetic little fish. As it fell into the steamy pit, a terrible roar rang out. The Gronckle tried to flee, but before it could even make a move, a gargantuan dragon head suddenly jutted from the steamy pit and snapped it out of the air, swallowing it back whole. Hiccup and Astrid recoiled, terrified as they resisted the urge to gasp or scream in shock.

"Whatâ€¦is that?" Astrid asked in horror.

The monstrous beast sniffed the air, seemingly aware of them. It neared the ledge where Toothless is hiding and roared out loud. Several dragons took flight in fear.

"Alright buddy, we gotta get out of here. Now!"

Toothless didn't need to be told twice as he hurriedly took flight, barely evading the monster's snapping jaws. The behemoth dragon lunged for them, snatching a Zippleback out of the air instead. Toothless quickly disappeared into the winged exodus as thousands of dragons fled the caldera in fear.

-:-

Toothless glided into the cove and touched down on the moonlit beach. It was a close call, and they were almost caught, but they managed to get out of the fray. Astrid was far from relieved. In fact, she was absolutely excited as she talked Hiccup's ear off, her mind reeling.

"No, no, it totally makes sense. It's like a giant beehive. They're the workers, and that's their queen. It controls them!" Astrid leapt off of Toothless and ran towards the village. "Let's find your dad."

"No, no!" Hiccup chased after Astrid. "Not yet. They'llâ€¦kill Toothless. Astrid, we have to think this through carefully."

Astrid eyed him, incredulous.

"Hiccup, we just discovered the dragons' nest! The thing we've been after since Vikings first sailed here! And you want to keep it a secret? To protect your pet dragon? Are you serious?"

"Not my pet. My mate," Hiccup stood firm, resolute. "And yes, I am serious."

"Yâ€¦Your mate?" Astrid blinked, looking like as if she just heard that Hiccup had just declared he was a dragon. "Whaâ€¦What are you talking about?"

Hiccup sighed and showed her the mark Toothless gave him and explained the situation, finally letting her in on the family secret. Astrid was taken aback at what she was listening to, and even more so

when she learnt about Hiccup's curse as well as his bonding with Toothless. It took almost forever until she finally had everything processed in her head after listening to Hiccup's tale.

"So you seeâ€¦I can't let them know about the nest, or Toothless," Hiccup said in a pleading tone. "They'll kill Toothless. They'll kill my mate. I can't let that happen to him. I can'tâ€¦bear to lose him, not after knowing how much we love each otherâ€¦"

"Oâ€¦OKâ€¦" Astrid finally found her voice as she relented. "Then what do we do?"

"Just give me until tomorrow. I'll figure something out."

"OK," Astrid then punched Hiccup in the arm. "That's for kidnapping me."

Toothless' growl was heard in the background, but at least he was not charging towards her again. Astrid then grabbed Hiccup in an embrace, the kind that was supportive and grateful and understanding before she let him go quickly.

"That's forâ€¦everything else."

In the awkward wake of the moment, Astrid hurries off, leaving Hiccup smiling as he watched her leave. Toothless hobbled up, eyeing him, giving him a reprimanding look.

"What are you looking at?" Hiccup asked defensively. "Stop being so jealous. You still owe me for pulling that stunt."

Toothless let out a dragon-like laugh as he licked Hiccup and nuzzled him, making Hiccup giggle against his will. Trust the dragon to know how to make him unable to stay mad at him for long.

* * *

><p>AN: Uh-oh, I think you guys all know that things are gonna get trickier from here on! And yay, no Hiccup/Astrid here! While I continue the chapters, reviews plz!

11. Chapter 11

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

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* * *

><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

The grounds had been transformed as the finals for Hiccup's road to Viking manhood had begun. Banners and flags flapped in the morning sun. Surrounding the ring, a festive crowd had gathered. All of Berk

has turned out for the event. Before the tournament started, Stoick came up to the stand and made his speech aloud to the crowd.

"Well, I can show my face in public again!" Stoick announced as he laughed along with the villagers humorously. "If someone had told me that in a few short weeks, Hiccup would go from being, wellâ€¦Hiccup, to placing first in dragon training, I would've tied him to a mast and shipped him off for fear he'd gone mad. Yes! And you know it! But here we are. And no one's more surprised or more proud than I am. Today, my boy becomes a Viking. Today, he becomes ONE OF US!"

Hiccup was standing at the entrance to the ring, listening, looking burdened as cheers and roars echoed the ring. In fact he felt almost sick to the stomach thinking about what he was going to do and what would happen if either succeed or not. While he was lost in his thoughts, Astrid approached him.

"Be careful with that dragon," Astrid tried to offer her support.

"It's not the dragon I'm worried about," Hiccup said, trying to sound upbeat, but was not really convincing.

"You look a little pale. You alright there, Hiccup?"

"Yeah, well, if you count me waking up as if being spun around in a whirlpool and hurling my guts out before I got here, as well as losing all appetite for breakfast as alright, I'm perfectly fine."

"What are you going to do?" Astrid asked worriedly.

"Put an end to this," Hiccup noticed Astrid's dubious look and sighed, "I have to try. Astrid, it maybe just my nerves, butâ€¦if something goes wrongâ€¦just make sure they don't find Toothless."

"I will," Astrid replied grimly. "Just promise me it won't go wrong."

Hiccup couldn't. He couldn't even guarantee that he would survive this. Gobber soon approached, looking very excited for him.

"It's time, Hiccup. Knock him dead."

Hiccup nodded and put his helmet on before entering the ring. He could hear his fellow peers hooting and hollering from the stands, shouting their support and cheering for his success. Hiccup then locked eyes with Stoick. Stoick nodded with a smile and he returned a half-smile. Taking a deep breath, he hoisted a shield onto his forearm and selected his weapon from a rack of many, which was a small dagger. He then turned to face a bolted, heavy door and took another deep breath.

"I'm ready."

The door bolt was raised. The crowd grew quiet, waiting in anticipation. The doors then suddenly blasted open the next second with a stream of sticky fire, followed by a Monstrous Nightmare, coated in flames. It tore out of its cave like an irate bull as the crowd roared and jeered. It climbed the walls and chain enclosure

like a bat, hissing at the provoking crowd and blasting fire, in which the crowd quickly moved out of the way.

It soon spotted Hiccup and descended, leering and licking the flaming drool from its lips. The crowd grew silent, bracing for the big fight. With the Monstrous Nightmare's eyes locked upon him, Hiccup deliberately dropped his shield and dagger, stepping away from them. The dragon paused, confused at what he was doing. The crowd and Stoick were equally confused, wondering what he was doing. The dragon pressed closer, snorting. Hiccup extended his open hand, eliciting a snarl from it.

"It's OK. It's OK!"

The dragon continued to pace, focused on Hiccup's helmet. Hiccup realized that, figuring out that dragons view this helmet as a symbol of their enemy. He slowly reached up and removed it. Taking a breath to acknowledge the point of no return, he tossed the helmet aside.

"I'm not one of them."

Gasps and murmurs raced through the crowd. All eyes turned to Stoick for questions, and it was clear that he was welling with upset. Hiccup avoided Stoick's glare and remained focused on the Nightmare, holding his hand out. It paced around him, calming down.

"Stop the fight," Stoick ordered.

"No. I need you all to see this," Hiccup said determinedly, knowing that the crowd was getting restless. "They're not what we think they are. We don't have to kill them."

The Monstrous Nightmare got even closer, to the point where its snout was really close to Hiccup's middle. It started sniffing about, as if picking up a scent, and its eyes seemed to show some form of surprise and curiosity as it continued sniffing him. Hiccup was about to lay his hand on its muzzle when the Nightmare leaned in and flickered its tongue onto Hiccup's middle, as if trying to lick him. To everyone's point of view, it was as if the Nightmare was trying to get a taste of him and Stoick, worried for his son's life, lost his cool.

"I SAID STOP THE FIGHT!"

Stoick whacked his hammer against the iron enclosure, rattling the arena with a terrible reverberating clatter. Spooked, the Nightmare snapped at Hiccup's outstretched hand. Hiccup yelped and sprang backwards. The spell was broken. The Nightmare reacted to Hiccup's sudden movements and blasted another stream of fire. Hiccup screamed and barely dived out of reach, scrambling around the ring for dear life. The Nightmare pursued, snapping and springing from ground to wall. Stoick pushed through the crowd, rushing to the doorway.

"Out of my way!" Stoick shouted as he pushed his way through the crowd to get to the ring entrance.

"Hiccup!" Astrid exclaimed worriedly as she wedged her axe under the arena gate and squeezed through, trying to come to Hiccup's rescue.

A narrow stream of fire narrowly avoided Hiccup as he continues to dashed around the ring, evading the Monstrous Nightmare. Desperate, he went to the weapon rack in an attempt to arm himself, but the Nightmare quickly destroyed the rack and closed in on him. Stoick wrenched the grated door to the arena and jumped through. The Monstrous Nightmare was only a few feet behind Hiccup. Astrid was soon in the ring, picking up a hammer and hurled it at the Monstrous Nightmare, hitting it in the head. It turned its attention to Astrid, and began chasing her. Stoick raised the arena gate, waving her toward it.

"This way!"

Astrid made it through, but the Nightmare blasted the doorway, cutting Hiccup off. It pounced on him and prepared to finish him off. Suddenly, a terrible roar pierced the din as Toothless appeared out of the blue. It seemed that Toothless had felt that Hiccup was in danger through their bond and managed to claw its way out of the cove to his rescue. It bounded over the crowd and blasted a hole through the chain enclosure. He flew through it and disappeared in the boiling smoke. The Vikings rushed to the railings in time to see a flurry of wings cutting through the dissipating smoke. Once the smoke cleared, everyone saw that it was the legendary Night Fury battling against the Monstrous Nightmare and were no less than shocked. Toothless and the Nightmare tumbled into the clear, locked in a toothy, vicious fight. Toothless kicked the Nightmare off and planted himself between Hiccup and it. The Nightmare snarled, circling them. Toothless lunged and roared, causing the Nightmare to relent and back away. Once the Nightmare was gone, Hiccup quickly got onto his feet and grabbed Toothless protectively.

"Alright, Toothless, go. Get out of here!"

He could feel Toothless' relief that his mate was alright wash over him, but he couldn't reciprocate as the crowd was growing livid at what they were witnessing. Hiccup tried to shoo Toothless away in vain as Vikings began pouring in, clambering through the enclosure and dropping into the ring.

"Go! GO! Please!" Hiccup begged but the bond told him that Toothless was not leaving without him.

"Night Fury!"

"Take it alive!"

Stoick grabbed an axe and charged into the arena in the midst of the commotion. Astrid called out to him, panicked, trying to stop him in vain.

"Dad! No! He won't hurt you!" Hiccup begged as the other Vikings surrounded and attack Toothless. His heart clenched as he watched Toothless tossing them aside like rag dolls, his eyes focused on Stoick, hell-bent on keeping this massive man away from hurting his mate. "No, don't! You're only making it worse!"

Stoick raised his axe as he charged for Toothless. Toothless ducked and pounced on him. They tumbled end over end until Toothless was on top of him, pinning him down.

"Toothless! STOP!"

Toothless inhaled, the familiar hiss of gas building as he got ready to burn Stoick into a crispâ€|

"_NO!_"

Toothless felt the urgency of that bond from Hiccup's command and swallowed back the blast. He turned to Hiccup, not understanding why he wouldn't let him kill the man that was going to hurt him, and that feeling of hurt and worry washed over Hiccup through their bond. Sadly, before Hiccup could explain his actions to his mate, the crowd rushed in, piling on, and taking Toothless down. Hiccup ran towards them to stop them but Astrid held Hiccup back, not wanting the situation to get any worse.

"No! Pleaseâ€|" Hiccup begged in desperation. "Just don't hurt him. Please don't hurt him."

Stoick got to his feet, fuming, shaken. A Viking presented Stoick with the axe he just dropped. He eyed Toothless a moment, then pushed the axe back into the Viking's hands.

"Put it with the others!"

His burning glare turned to Hiccup and Hiccup knew he had some serious explaining to do.

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Hiccup was shoved into the dank, dimmed Great Hall. The massive doors rattled and echoed as Stoick slammed it shut. Stoick pushed past him. He paced against a backdrop of shadowy tapestries and carved pillarsâ€"a legacy of heroes, all peering down in angered judgment.

"I should have known. I should have seen the signs," Stoick muttered as he paced.

"Dadâ€|" Hiccup started but was stopped short by Stoick's bellow.

"We had a deal!"

"I know we did, but that was beforeâ€|" Hiccup was totally flustered as he ran his hands through his hair in frustration. "Ughh, it's all so messed up."

"So everything in the ring. A trick? A lie?"

"I screwed up. I should have told you before now. Take this out on me, be mad at me, but pleaseâ€|just don't hurt Toothless."

"The dragon?" Stoick exclaimed in disbelief. "That's what you're worried about? Not the people you almost killed?"

"He was just protecting me! He's not dangerous!"

"Not dangerous? Did you see what he tried to do to me?"

"He thought you were a threat! He thought you were trying to hurt me! He's just doing what any dragon would do for their mate!" Hiccup couldn't stand it. He had to let it out somehow; the truth was eating him away.

"Mate? You meanâ€|you andâ€|and that dragonâ€|?" Stoick looked at his son in disgust.

"Yesâ€|Yes, I did," Hiccup said as he showed him the mark. "I am bonded with Toothless. I am his mate for life. I gave myself to him."

"You let a dragon, the worst enemy of all Vikings, in on our family secret? You let him defile you? Have you no shame?"

"This has nothing to do about shame! I love him, Dad! He understands me more than you ever did and he loves me for who I am, not what I am!"

"They've killed HUNDREDS OF US!"

"And we've killed THOUSANDS OF THEM! They defend themselves, that's all!" Hiccup begged in the midst of Stoick pacing around dismissively. "They raid us because they have to! If they don't bring enough food back, they'll be eaten themselves. There'sâ€|something else on their island, Dadâ€|It's a dragon likeâ€|"

"Their island?" Stoick leaned in accusingly. "So you've been to the nest?"

"D-Did I say nest?" Hiccup went silent; he said too much.

"How did you find it?"

"No, I didn't. Toothless did. Only a dragon can find the islandâ€|"

Stoick glared. A moment passed, then an idea took form on his face, his eyes flared. Hiccup watched, realizing what his father had in mind. Stoick stomped toward the doorway.

"Oh no. No, Dad. No," Hiccup chased after him, panicked. "Dad, It's not what you think. You don't know what you're up against. It's like nothing you've ever seen! Dad, Please. I promise you that you can't win this one," he grabbed Stoick by the arm, tugging with all his might. "Dad, for once in your life, would you please just listen to me?"

Stoick threw Hiccup off of him, swatting him to the floor. There was an icy stillness in the air as Hiccup stared back, stunned at his father's reaction.

"You've thrown your lot in with them. You're a cursed child and you have cursed us all. You're not a Viking," Stoick turned to look at him, the same look he gave him when he was first told of the family secret and the cause of his mother's death.

"Dadâ€|pleaseâ€|don'tâ€|"

"You're not my son."

Stoick pushed through the door, leaving Hiccup alone, devastated. Staggering on the steps, breaking inside, Stoick called out for all the Vikings to ready the ships, oblivious to Hiccup's cries as the boy suddenly doubled over, hugging his middle and started bleeding between his legs.

* * *

><p>AN: ~le gasp~ What happened to Hiccup? Oh noes~! While you panic about it, reviews plz!

12. Chapter 12

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

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* * *

><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

Hiccup slowly regained consciousness. His vision was slightly blurred but slowly cleared and found himself being stared down by Astrid and the rest of the team. Hiccup groaned as he slowly tried to sit up but Astrid gently pushed him back down in bed.

"Don't move," Astrid said as she tucked Hiccup in. "You need to lay down and rest."

"Wâ€|Whatâ€|What happenedâ€|?"

"Wellâ€|" Astrid looked as if she wasn't sure what to answer. The rest of the team was also equally awkward as they twiddled their thumbs, trying to find the right words.

"You are with child."

Hiccup turned to the owner of the voice, who was the village midwife. The very same old midwife who had delivered him and the only other party at the time to know of Hiccup's family secret. Pushing aside Astrid as he sat up, he faced the midwife with an incredulous look.

"What are you talking about?" Hiccup demanded.

"When was your last blood cycle?" the midwife asked as she handed Hiccup a cup of warm drink.

"What does that have to do withâ€|" Hiccup started before he stopped to think. Slowly his face went red as he remembered that the last time he had his period (since he was born with girl parts, he had all the biological cycles a girl would have) was a week before he shot

down Toothless, and ever since that day Toothless first raped him and the subsequent 'punishment' that followed, he hadn't been keeping track of his period.

"I see you're getting the picture now," the midwife nodded knowingly. "Well, whoever you gave yourself to has hit the jackpot. You're now with child, and about fairly 1 or 2 months down the road, I might add. Probably the reason why you suddenly went crazy in the ring today."

Everyone except Astrid looked confused at what the midwife just told Hiccup, though Astrid did look a little worried as she knew who the father of the child was.

"Isâ€¦Is the baby OK?" Hiccup asked worriedly, his heart pounding in fear at a possible life lost inside him.

"It's surprisingly strong and resilient, but if your friends had not found you, it would've been too late. You need at least a night's bed rest before you can move about. I will go and inform your father about this."

"No!" Hiccup stopped her. "Noâ€¦it'sâ€¦it's OK. I'llâ€¦I'll let him know myself. Please don't tell him anything."

"Suit yourself," the midwife shrugged as she left the room. "Young people these daysâ€¦"

A long awkward silence ensued as Hiccup stared at his drink quietly while everyone else was around him, waiting for an answer. Finally Tuffnut was the one who broke the ice.

"Can somebody tell me what in Thor's name is going on here?"

Hiccup sighed and finally told them the family secret and his relationship with Toothless. Everything that he had told Astrid was repeated to the group. The team listened with a whole lotta mixed emotions within them, trying to digest the information as Astrid did, but mostly they were filled with shock and disbelief.

"So you're like a half-girl or something?"

"You were boned by a Night Fury?"

"And you're a Night Fury's mate for life?"

"And you seriously gave a dragon a name?"

"And you're knocked up by a Night Fury? That's insane!"

Hiccup nodded to every single one of those questions.

"Does Toothless know?" Astrid asked, probably the only sane question out of all the others.

"I didn't even know, let alone him," Hiccup shook his head, then buried his head on his knees. "If he knew, he wouldn't have let me go for the finals, and we wouldâ€¦we wouldâ€¦"

Astrid put a comforting hand on his shoulder while the rest of the

team watched on, feeling rather sorry for him, if not a little weird out.

"Your dad doesn't leave Berk for the nest until tomorrow morning. Do you want to tell Toothless the news first? Let Toothless know that he's now a father?"

Hiccup nodded, his head still buried on his knees.

"Then come. We don't have much time. Fishlegs, let Hiccup ride on your shoulder. He can't walk at his condition."

"Roger that," Fishleg said as he carried Hiccup up onto his shoulders.

"Why are you guys helping me? I thought—" Hiccup was confused as the team helped ushered him out of the midwife's hut.

"Because Toothless deserves to know, simple as that," Astrid said as they made their way to the training ring.

--

Toothless sat in his cell, tied and bound in chains that weighed him down to the ground, giving him very little moving—or breathing—space. He let out an occasional whine or two, wondering how Hiccup was doing. He hadn't seen him since he was knocked out and dragged into his cell, and he had expected that his mate may have been forbidden to see him after what had just happened. He could only hope that the man Hiccup stopped him from killing had not hurt him, or worse, killed him.

His sensitive ears perked as he heard small whispers outside. He whipped his head around as much as he could, trying to see where did the sound come from. He may be able to see in the dark much better than any other dragon, but he was unable to pinpoint where the sound was coming from, and it terrified it a little.

"Shh—Toothless, it's me."

Toothless could barely contain his excitement as he recognized Hiccup's voice. As he focused his vision more, he could see Hiccup walking slowly towards him from a small, dark corner of the corridor outside his cell. He could make out a few other shadows behind him but they didn't seem like they were following him, more like standing there as if to keep watch.

"We found a loose wall that we can get into from the back," Hiccup explained as he came near Toothless' cell. "Don't worry, nobody saw us. Just try to be quiet, OK?"

Toothless whined as he tried to crawl towards the bars that separated him and his mate. The chains gave him a little slack, but it was only enough for his muzzle to peek through the bars. Hiccup decided to come closer and cupped Toothless' cheeks.

"Hey, you OK? Did they hurt you?" Hiccup asked worriedly.

Toothless gave him a reassuring lick and asked him the same question

through their bond, in which Hiccup felt it.

"I'm OK, don't worry," Hiccup smiled and kissed his muzzle. "In fact, I came here to tell youâ€|thatâ€|"

Hiccup hesitated a little, feeling both sad and happy at the same time. This wasn't supposed to be the way for Toothless to find out about this, but there was no other way, not when he might never see him again. He decided to let the bond speak for itself as he straighten up, pressing Toothless' muzzle gently against his middle, using the bond to tell his mate more than words can explain. Toothless took in a scent and almost immediately his ears perked up, his head and eyes darted up and down at Hiccup then at his middle, a look of shock and disbelief littered his face, words like 'Is it true', 'Could it be' and 'Are you really' written all over it. Hiccup smiled sadly as he nodded. Toothless almost let out a squeal as he slobbered all over Hiccup's face and nuzzled his middle like no tomorrow, behaving like anyone would after finding out that he was going to be a father. Unfortunately, he could feel through the bond that Hiccup did not share his excitement, and he looked up questioningly at him, as if asking 'What's wrong'.

"I'm sorryâ€|" Hiccup suddenly broke into tears, trying to hold back his sobs so as not to let the guards out front hear him. "I screwed up. I should've kept track of my blood cycle. I was carelessâ€|I should'veâ€|Thisâ€|This is not how I want you to find out about our childâ€|This is supposed to be a joyous occasion, but tomorrow you won't be here anymoreâ€|"

Toothless purred sadly at Hiccup and licked his tears, sending a small ripple of comfort to him through the bond, as if telling him it was going to be alright.

"Whatâ€|What if something goes wrongâ€|? What if something rubs off me the wrong way? You're a dragon and I'm human. We're not supposed to breed. What if our baby cannot survive? I'm born with my mother's curse, and she had lost so many children before she had meâ€|I'm cursedâ€|I might end up killing our childâ€|"

Toothless growled a little, as if telling him not to think of such foolish things.

"Iâ€|I can't do this without youâ€|"

Toothless purred again, then gestured him to come closer. As Hiccup did so, Toothless pressed his muzzle against his forehead and, using the bond, showed him images of his past. Hiccup saw tall mountains beyond grassy landscapes. He saw an island with sandy beaches and dense forests. He saw a huge expanse of green plains at the foot of a woodsy hill, littered with the ruins of centuries old. He saw a whole flock of Night Furies, probably about a dozen or so, flying about without the care in the world. It was their home, and they were at peace.

He then saw a pair of Night Fury, huddled together lovingly in a small cave just north of the foot of the hill. The female was closer to a nest of eggs, about roughly 3, 4 of them, watching it every moment or so, as if waiting anxiously for them to hatch. The male nuzzled noses with her, reassuring her that the eggs would be alright. The next image showed Hiccup the nest, and the eggs slowly

hatching one by one. The excited parents gathered around their little hatchlings as they drew their first breath. One of them was of darker hide than its siblings, and Hiccup could tell that this odd one out was Toothless. The next few images showed Toothless growing up, his parents watching over him and educating him and his siblings everything a dragon needed to know in life, and Hiccup could feel Toothless' joy and excitement as he and his siblings first learned how to fly. It was a peaceful time for them, the perfect family, the perfect life.

Suddenly the images changed, engulfed in fire. He saw the huge dragon they saw in the dragons' island—who was not as huge as it was right now, but still big enough to overpower any dragon—covered the entire plains with raging fire. It was killing every single Night Fury in sight, committing genocide like as if its life depended on it. Hiccup watched in horror as every single one of those beautiful Night Furies were either burnt alive or ripped to shreds. Its sheer size was not enough for those pint-sized Furies to tackle, and one by one, they succumbed to the dragon's wrath.

He saw Toothless' mother forced into a corner as she tried to protect her young, shooting fireballs at the dragon, trying her best to ward him away, and when the dragon was about to come in for the kill, Toothless' father jumped in out of the blue to fight tooth and nail with the dragon. Sadly, neither of Toothless' parents was spared from the fight and they were both sacrificed and were eaten right in front of Toothless. Hiccup felt Toothless' helplessness as he was forced to watch as his siblings were picked up one by one from him and swallowed whole, and was given a long hard stare by the huge dragon before it decided to leave him for dead.

Flashes of images followed as it showed Toothless growing up afraid and alone, having to fend for himself and having to bear with the burden that he was the last of his kind. There was no sign of other Night Furies anywhere, no matter how much or how long he looked. He traveled far and wide, trying to search for that glimmer of hope that somewhere out there, there would be another Night Fury like him, but the dragon—which he learnt was called the Red Death—had already beat him to the punch. It had eradicated every last Night Fury in sight, leaving him only last living Night Fury who will die out with him. He, like all the other dragons, was forced into servitude for that wretched dragon. He did not understand why the Red Death decided to single his clan out and kill all but him, yet sparing the rest of the other dragon clans, but he refused to become his murderer's slave. He refused to steal any of the food from the places he and the dragons invaded, providing firepower for them only because they begged him to due to his marksmanship. He refused to give his murderer the satisfaction of knowing that he had stooped so low as to feed its sorry ass.

Gentler images of Toothless and Hiccup together washed through Hiccup's mind, showing him that for the first time, someone cared enough for him to spare his life, not out of malice, but out of the kindness of their heart. For the first time, someone did not fear him and befriended him without judgment. For the first time, someone broke through his hardened heart and tamed him, loving him without condition and went as far as they could go to make amends for what they have done. For the first time, someone was comfortable with him to share their deepest, darkest secrets and returned his feelings without prejudice.

That someone was Hiccup.

Hiccup opened his tear-soaked eyes as the images ended, looking straight at Toothless' green orbs. From that intimate bond, he knew that Toothless has given him his most precious memories. He knew that this was something that Toothless had to do, even though he had to do it via Hiccup's father. He had to exact his revenge and make the Red Death pay for what it did to his family and his clan. He knew that Toothless wanted him to have those memories so that he would not be alone, so that his child will know of his father. Toothless was no longer the last of his kind, and he knew Hiccup would make sure of it, no matter what it takes. Hiccup saw through Toothless' begging eyes, telling him to be safe, to run away and let no one hurt their child, and that he believed Hiccup will be able to do it without him, if it came to that.

"Iâ€¦I promiseâ€¦" Hiccup sniffled as he let Toothless licked the last of his tears away. "I promise, Toothless. I will run awayâ€¦I won't let my Dad find out about thisâ€¦I won't let him or anyone hurt our babyâ€¦I promiseâ€¦"

Toothless purred, giving him that toothless smile that he had learnt from Hiccup, making Hiccup chuckle a little.

"I love you, Toothlessâ€¦I love you so muchâ€¦"

Toothless purred again and leaned in to give him his dragon kiss. Hiccup reached between the bars to hug Toothless' neck as he returned the kiss, doing the tongue dance they've learnt so well together.

"Psst! Hiccup!" Astrid's hiss echoed in the cell. "We gotta go. Now!"

"Bâ€¦Butâ€¦" Hiccup was reluctant to go. He needed a few more minutes, just a few more.

"The guard is coming in to check on the Night Fury," Tuffnut whispered. "We really have to go!"

The sound of the key turning at front forced Toothless to separate from Hiccup and the dragon nudged him, urging him to leave. As much as Hiccup didn't want to, he had to oblige, as he backed away from Toothless, disappearing into the darkness of the corridor and out the back where he came in from.

* * *

><p>AN: Awwâ€¦This is just so sad~! My heart ached with bitterness and pain just writing this chapter~! Reviews plz!

13. Chapter 13

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

Disclaimer: I do not own whatever was used (except OCs) to make this fanfic, but I totally wish I own Toothcup pairings!

* * *

><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

Broken-down catapults and trebuchets were bundled up and lowered from the cliffs. Below on the docks, Vikings loaded the heavy artillery into the hulls of awaiting ships. Children and the elderly gather to on the walkways to wave apprehensive farewells to the departing warriors. Lastly, Toothless was loaded aboard Stoick's ship, chained down to a palette, muzzled, and restrained with a weighty neck ring. The legendary Night Fury who was heralded to be the most dangerous, most intelligent and most elusive dragon now looked exhausted and miserable, weighed down by defeat and anguish, knowing that his legendary claim was no longer feared.

But at least after Hiccup's secret visit to his prison last night, he took comfort in knowing that if he would never return from this expedition or survive his ordeal, his legacy will continue to live on within his mate, and that his mate will be from harm's way soon as he had promised.

Stoick crossed to the bow as the ship pushed off and joined the amassed armada of ships adrift in the harbor. Stoick's brow was furrowed, all warmth drained away. He turned west and glared at the horizon with cold determination.

"Set sail! We head for Helheim's Gate."

He then noticed Hiccup watching from his familiar cliff-side perch beyond the village. Their eyes met, full of hurt and regret. He noticed Hiccup looked a little pale and drained, but did not think much of it. Hiccup slowly shook his head in warning, biting his lip and his arms around himself as if in a hugging motion. Stoick then heard Toothless snort and grunt, as if feeling Hiccup's presence without even needing to see him up there, and it made the Chief of Tribe's blood boil. It reminded Stoick of his son—"his only son"—betraying everything he stood for and giving himself to the enemy he and his generations before him had sworn to fight to the death. He broke the stare and turned to Toothless, fuming.

"Lead us home, _Devil_."

Toothless gave Stoick one final defiant glare before the ship started leaving the docks. Hiccup continued watching as the ships set sail. He was powerless to stop what was happening, but won't leave. He was not about to let Toothless go alone in this journey of no return, and if it was only their bond to let him know that he was seeing his mate off, it was the least he could do. He continued to stand there for goodness knows how long, even after the ships have long since cleared the horizon. Astrid, who came to see how Hiccup and his baby were doing, was standing behind him. She approached cautiously and stood beside him in silence.

"It's a mess," Astrid slowly broke the ice.

Hiccup didn't respond.

"You must feel horrible. You've lost everything. Your father, your tribe, your best friend and mateâ€¦"

"Thank you for summing that up," Hiccup retorted. After another momentary silence, he sighed. "Why couldn't I have killed that dragon when I found him in the woods? It would have been better for everyone."

"Yep. The rest of us would have done it," Astrid agreed, then turned to him. "So why didn't you?"

Hiccup just shook his head. He really didn't know how to answer that. Astrid's eyes glimmered, as if not satisfied with that response.

"Why didn't you?"

"I don't know. I couldn't."

"That's not an answer."

"Why is this so important to you all of a sudden?" Hiccup asked, irritated at her probing.

"Because I want to remember what you say right now," Astrid said indignantly.

"Oh for the love ofâ€¦" Hiccup turned to her, exasperated. "I was a coward! I was weak. I wouldn't kill a dragon."

"You said 'couldn't' that time," Astrid pointed out.

"Whatever! I wouldn't! Three hundred years and I'm the first Viking who wouldn't kill a dragon! Guess I'm really cursed now, am I? You happy now?"

Hiccup looked away, trying to hold back tears. He didn't want Astrid to see him cry, and he really felt like crying right now, thinking about all the mistakes he had done, all the wretched choices he made, and now left with the overwhelming responsibility of carrying the offspring of lightning and death within him and faced with future dangers of being prosecuted, always on the run and not knowing what a dragon's pregnancy would do to himâ€¦

"First to ride one, though. And to be bonded to one."

Hiccup blinked. He never looked at it that way before.

"Soâ€¦?" Astrid probed some more. Hiccup put a hand onto his middle, his mind going back to the first day he met Toothless and that fateful decision that changed his life forever.

"â€¦I wouldn't kill him because he looked as frightened as I was," Hiccup said in realization, remembering the look Toothless gave him when he was about to kill him that seemed oddly familiar to him. "I looked at himâ€¦and I saw myself."

"I bet he's really frightened now," Astrid said as she turned to face the open sea. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Probably something stupid," Hiccup replied, an idea already cooking in his mind.

"Good. But you've already done that."

"Then something crazy."

"That's more like it."

--

Hiccup raised the bolt on the Monstrous Nightmare's pen as the team gathered in the ring. They were all rudely awoken from their beds to rendezvous there and needless to say, none of them were too happy about it.

"If you're planning on getting you and your child eaten, I'd definitely go with the Gronckle," Fishlegs noted.

"You were wise to seek help from the world's most deadly weapon," Tuffnut stepped forward with a scowl, then seeing Hiccup's confused face, he clarified, "It's me."

"I love this plan," Snotlout, the ever brown-noser butted in.

"I didn'tâ€¦" Hiccup wanted to say that he hadn't yet told them about the plan, but Ruffnut pushed past Snotlout.

"You're crazy," Ruffnut admonished, but then looked at him sultry. "I like that."

"So? What is the plan?" Astrid asked as she pulled Ruffnut's braid and shoved her out of the way, reminding the blonde that Hiccup was already spoken for.

Hiccup smiled, glowing in the support of his friends. He opened the door of the Nightmare's pen and stepped into the darkness. Approaching the Nightmare, he had his hands outstretched as he did during the finals, showing it that he was not a threat. The dragon sniffed about him for a moment, catching the scent of the child within Hiccup and snorted in surprise. Hiccup smiled and nodded before he laid a gentle hand on the dragon's muzzle, slowly backing away.

He soon stepped back from the door, drawing the Monstrous Nightmare out of its cave. It snorted, stepping into the ring, calmed by Hiccup's outstretched hand and focused on him and his little baby bump. The teens were bewildered, in awe at what they were witnessing. Snotlout was still a little apprehensive and nervously reached for a spear lying near his foot, but was stopped by Astrid with a smack on his shoulder. Hiccup slowed to a stop in front of the teens, with the Nightmare inches from his outstretched hand. He reached over and grabbed Snotlout's trembling hand.

"Wait! What are youâ€¦!" Snotlout was horrified at what Hiccup was trying to do.

"Relax," Hiccup assured him. "It's okayâ€¦it's okay."

Hiccup carefully replaced his outstretched hand with Snotlout's, putting him in control of the massive beast. The Nightmare snorted, but remained calm. Snotlout, by contrast, chuckles nervously—it was both terrifying and amazing as the others watched, spellbound at how docile the fearsome dragon arsonist was before them. Hiccup turned and walked away, leaving Snotlout with the Nightmare.

"Where are you going?" Snotlout asked, still plenty terrified at being alone with the dragon.

"You're going to need something to help you hold on," Hiccup said as he pulled a bundle of rope from a supply box.

As the teens eye each other apprehensively, all the dragons that Hiccup had unleashed before the Monstrous Nightmare were standing in the ring, facing the teens expectantly.

* * *

><p>AN: Oh yeah~! This is gonna be super awesome~! Hang on to your horses while I continue the next chappie! Reviews plz!

14. Chapter 14

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been Rping scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

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* * *

><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

The battle was a total disaster as the Vikings fought in vain to conquer the Red Death. They have hurled every weapon that had in hopes of coming close to even denting the massive dragon but nothing seemed to work as it was just as aggressive as ever.

It did not start off like this. When they were on their way to the nest's location, their visibility dropped dramatically once they coasted toward a shroud of heavy fog, hung like drapes from a low-hanging, ominous sky. Massive, jagged sea stacks emerged around them during their maneuvers, threatening to rip the ships to shreds. They would've been lost like the last time they went nest-hunting if it weren't for Stoick noticing Toothless' ear plates at the alert, quietly reacting to inaudible sounds only his dragon ears could catch. Covertly following Toothless' head movements, Stoick was able to sailed through the gauntlet of rocks, making their way closer and closer towards their destination.

Once they were closing in, there were met with a clicking buzz, growing louder as they went closer, filling the sky, converging in one general direction. The buzzing sound led them to into shallow black sand, with pebble-like black rocks littering everywhere on the sprawling beach. A craggy volcano towered into the gloom as everyone

got ready for the fight. Tree trunks were sharpened and planted into the sand at angled rows. Boulders were loaded into catapult baskets. After making a couple of war plans, Stoick led the troops by going first towards the base of the volcano wall, back by several hundred warriors.

After signaling for the catapults to launch their load into the cliff wall, everyone was taken by surprise when the flaming bushel they prepared beforehand to be launched into the cavity revealed that the cavern was choked with dragons. Stoick pulled his hammer and rushed into the cave, brazen as he tried to slash at the dragons, and in a chaotic flurry, the dragons suddenly rush out like bats from a cave. They took to the air, bypassing the axe-swinging Vikings and fleeing the island in a mass exodus. Above the island, dragons poured from every crevice, fleeing to the sky. Once the sound of screeching dragons faded, everyone rejoiced as they thought they had won the war against the dragons and drove them out of their home, but Stoick saw that Toothless did not look happy and he still heard a distant roaring within the dark throat of the cavern.

Before he could tell everyone that it was not over, all hell broke loose as the gargantuan Red Death emerged through settling debris of ground cracking and stone tearing away, cascading like an avalanche. The troops tried everything. They launched their catapults and scored direct hits, but the burning stones bounced off the dragon's skin and were smashed and crushed within seconds. They tried taking cover at the ships but the dragon saw through it as it blasted the ships like a mile-long flamethrower, the sails torched. Vikings who got on those ships dived overboard for their lives and masts came down on them. All spears and axes and hammers thrown at it barely even made a scratch and they had no means to escape with all the ships destroyed.

Stoick and Gobber decided to become the distraction while one of the Viking Generals led the troops to the far side of the island. The Red Death seemed to be able to tell that Stoick was the leader of the troops as it focused on Stoick instead of Gobber, despite the blacksmith trying to get its attention. It reared back and inhaled, amassing the gas and was ready to fire when suddenly a blast exploded against the back of The Red Death's head. A little dazed, it turned to see a Nadder punched through the flames, banking across the sky, followed by a Monstrous Nightmare, a Zippleback, and a Gronckle.

As they rolled in unison, they revealed the recruits riding on their backs. Hiccup was leading the team, with Astrid clinging to his waist. Gobber and Stoick watched slack-jawed in awe.

"Ruff, Tuff, watch your backs!" Hiccup shouted. "Move, Fishlegs!"

The monster shook off the blast and snapped in their wake. Hiccup directed his squadron out of harm's way. They climbed out of reach and circled each other.

"Look at us, we're on a dragon!" Tuffnut shouted to the crowd proudly. "We're on dragons, all of us!"

"Up, let's move it!" Hiccup called out as the dragons climbed past the Red Death.

"Every bit the boar-headed, stubborn Viking you ever were!" Gobber said as he hobbled over to Stoick.

Stoick is speechless, only nodding in agreement as the group circled over the dragon's head.

"Fishlegs, break it down," Hiccup said, addressing Fishlegs as a tactical member of the team.

"Okay. Heavily armored skull and tail made for bashing and crushing," Fishlegs started. "Steer clear of both. Small eyes, large nostrils. Relies on hearing and smell."

"Okay. Lout, Legs, hang in its blind spot. Make some noise, keep it confused. Ruff, Tuff, find out if it has a shot limit. Make it mad."

"That's my specialty," Ruffnut said proudly.

"Since when? Everyone knows I'm more irritating. See?" Tuffnut demonstrated by making irritating sounds at Ruffnut.

"Just do what I told you," Hiccup groaned exasperatedly. "I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Don't worry, we got it covered!"

Hiccup and Astrid peeled away. The teens banked and dived toward the monster, splitting up. The twins raced alongside the monster's head, taunting it.

"Troll!"

"Butt Elf!"

"Bride of Grendel!"

The Red Death unloaded a spray of fire at the twins. They barely dodged it, while Fishlegs and Snotlout hung behind its eyes, banging away at their shields, making a racket. The Red Death opened all six of its eyes, spotting them.

"Uh, this thing doesn't have a blind spot!" Fishlegs announced worriedly.

Unfortunately Hiccup was away from earshot as he and Astrid went searching for Toothless. Hiccup spotted him among the burning ships, still tied in his restraints.

"There!" Hiccup exclaimed as he steered the Nadder over the deck and handed Astrid the reins. He lined up his jump, making sure the Nadder was close enough, and hopped off, guarding his face from the flames and landed on the burning deck. He turned to Astrid, "Go help the others!"

"You sure you're OK, Hiccup?" Astrid asked, worried. "The babyâ€¦"

"The baby will be fine. I'm fine. Just go!"

As Astrid and the Nadder took off, Hiccup fought his way to Toothless. He unbuckled the muzzle and Toothless shrieked at him, as if demanding what was he doing there when he was supposed to be finding some place safe to care for their child.

"I'm sorry, okay? Just hold on. Hold on," Hiccup said apologetically as he got to work on the chains.

Behind him, the monster's tail swept across the burning ships, snapping masts like twigs, as it tried to shake off the rest of the teens who were trying to bring it down and find its weak spots. One of them crashes onto a deck near the ship where Hiccup and Toothless were on. Try as he might, he couldn't budge them and Toothless was begging him with his shrieks and growls to get to safety when he saw fire licking at his mate's clothes. The Red Death blasted at the teens, enraged at their persistence. The monster's giant foot crashed through frame, smashing the bow under its impressive weight.

Hiccup and Toothless were immediately thrown into the water in a maelstrom of burning planks and rigging. Hiccup, after getting his bearings, swam toward Toothless. They were both caught in a mess of rigging, being dragged down, the heavy palette settled into the rocky bottom like an anchor. Toothless has stopped struggling, but Hiccup was not about to give up. He did not come all this way to watch his mate drown and he refused to allow his child to be born fatherless, not while they were this close to being together again. Hiccup took one more hopeless tug at the chains before he slowly started to blackout as he was almost out of air. Toothless let out a watery roar, worried out of his mind as he watched Hiccup loosening his grip on the chainsâ€|

Suddenly, a meaty hand grabbed Hiccup and pulled up to the shoreline through flaming debris. Hiccup was overwhelmed to see that his savior was Stoick, who lay him down under the shelter of an overhanging rock before diving back into the water between flaming flotsam. A few tense moments later, Toothless landed on the shore in an explosion of sea water, setting Stoick down and releasing him. Hiccup was awed as he realized that Stoick actually went back to get Toothless and released him from his restraints for him. Toothless immediately went to Hiccup, licking and kissing him, nuzzling at his middle to see if he and their baby was OK. Hiccup returned his kiss and hugged him, having that brief moment of respite where he and Toothless were finally in each other's arms again.

"I'm OK, bud," Hiccup whispered as he sobbed a little in relief. "I'm OK. I'm sorry I didn't listen to you. I just couldn'tâ€|I just couldn't leave without youâ€|I'm sorryâ€|"

The ground suddenly rumbled underfoot, bringing them back to the situation at hand. The monster screeched, its massive claws stomped around in the smoke. Toothless quickly mounted the rock and raised his wings. He turned to Hiccup and snorted, as if telling him to get this over and done with, and the bond telling Hiccup that he would trust and protect him and their child and get through this so that they will be a family again. Hiccup smiled happily as he made his way to him.

"You got it, bud," Hiccup said as he climbed onto Toothless and buckled himself in. Suddenly Stoick reached up to grab his arm.

"Hiccup. I'm sorryâ€|" Stoick said regretfully. "For everything."

"Yeahâ€|me too," Hiccup replied, equally remorseful.

"You don't have to go up there. I didn't mean to call you cursed. You don't have to prove it that much to me."

"Hey, we're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard."

They exchanged smiles. Finally they had something in common. Stoick pressed his other hand on top of Hiccup's.

"I'm proud to call you my son," Stoick admitted, earning a beam from Hiccup.

"Thanks, dad," Hiccup said as Stoick let go of Hiccup's arm. "Oh, and by the way, you're gonna be a grandfather."

Before Stoick could respond to that, Hiccup spurred Toothless on, charged with his father's belief in him. They rocketed into the sky as Stoick watched, a little flabbergasted at what he just heard, but mostly hoping that Hiccup would pull through and win this. Astrid soon saw Toothless streaking through the sky, gaining altitude.

"He's up!" Astrid announced as she turned to Ruffnut and Tuffnut, who are arguing and throwing punches at each other. "Get Snotlout out of there!"

As usual, the twins fought for the right to save Snotlout who was stranded on the monster dragon after playing whack-a-mole with its eyes, arguing as they race each other to the monster. Snotlout saw the Zippleback diving toward him and dashed down the Red Death's head, running up the end of its horn. As the twins sweep past, both missing him but perfectly snatching him where the necks merge. Ruff and Tuff eyed each other, surprised and impressed.

"I can't believe that worked," Tuffnut noted.

The Red Death then spotted Astrid and inhaled, preparing to blast. She and her Nadder got caught in the suction, pulled toward the monster's gaping mouth, but a massive blast jolted the Red Death's head sideways. Astrid was thrown clear of its mouth and her Nadder from the projectile of the halted suction. She tumbled through the air, closing in towards the ground before she was suddenly caught by the leg in the mid-air. She looked up to see Toothless with his front claw holding tight onto her ankle.

"Did you get her?" Hiccup asked.

Toothless looked under him to see Astrid smiling at him, in which he smiled back at her with the toothless grin, telling Hiccup through their bond that she was fine. They flew over the crowd of Vikings and set Astrid down, mid-run. They circled back to reengage the Red Death, rocketing past the Red Death's head and climbed, higher and higher.

"That thing has wings!" Hiccup told Toothless as he reached a certain

altitude. "Okay, let's see if it can use them after eating up all that mass!"

Hiccup pulled Toothless into a turn. They plummeted, gaining tremendous speed. The wind buffeted them as they target the Red Death at supersonic speed. On cue, Toothless unloaded a fireball against the Red Death's head. It went down with a rumble as they climbed anew while the Vikings shielded themselves from the dust of the fallen monster as its wings finally unfolded and extended. Once they saw the enraged behemoth rose into frame, flapping its wings furiously, the pair dived into the tangled sea stacks, weaving through the rock like rabbits through a briar. The Red Death snapped at them, but couldn't reach them. Hiccup and Toothless pulled ahead, causing the monster dragon to smash through the canopy of rock and pulled in behind Toothless. He burst through fifty-foot formations like they were saplings as the Vikings continued watching the battle both in excitement and terror.

Hiccup and Toothless realized that they couldn't slow the monster down. Hiccup eyed the clouds above. An idea hits him. He locked eyes with Toothless.

"Okay, Toothless, time to disappear."

Toothless, feeling Hiccup's thoughts through their bond, pulled into a steep climb, heading toward the clouds. The Red Death followed, closing in fast. They heard the sound of gas build-up and narrowly dodged a column of flame and smoke. They reached the low-hanging clouds and pierced through them. The monster followed, immediately losing them in the hampered visibility as it roared irritably. Blending into the darkness thanks to Toothless' hide, the pair dived at the huge dragon, blasting and puncturing a hole in its wing. From the ground's point of view, the sky was littered with the resounding booms and flashes lighting up the clouds.

The pair dived in again and again, using the clouds to hide and surprise as they punctured the monster's wings. The Red Death bellowed in frustration and whirled around, unleashing fire blindly, in all directions in its effort to illuminate the pair and reveal their whereabouts. Hiccup saw the glow of fire cutting towards them.

"Watch out!"

The random blast clipped Toothless' tail, heavily damaging the prosthetic tail.

"Okay, time's up. Let's see if this works," Hiccup said as he pulled Toothless into a turn. They flew directly into the Red Death's face, taunting it. "Come on! Is that the best you can do?"

Toothless uttered an insult too in dragon language, and they jackknifed into a steep dive. The Red Death pursued, hot at their heels, as Toothless pumped his wings, racing faster than he's ever gone before. The pair stayed just ahead of the Red Death, no longer trying to evade it. Hiccup glanced back to check the tail and saw that it was disintegrating and knew it was now or never.

"Stay with me, buddy. We're good. Just a little bit longer."

The Red Death closed the gap. Hiccup tucked in and held Toothless steady, allowing the monster to set its sights on them.

"Hold, Toothless," Hiccup said as Toothless prepared his ignition gas in his throat. From the bond, Hiccup himself could almost taste the gas in his own mouth but he held on tight, waiting for the moment.

The Red Death opened its mouth, the familiar gas hiss emanating from its throat. That was the cue.

"NOW!"

Hiccup hit the pedals hard as Toothless extended one wing. They pivoted in place, hurtling directly into the Red Death's mouth. Toothless fired point blank down the monster's throat, igniting the amassing gas and backfiring into the monster, erupting in a chain of blasts throughout its body. Hiccup and Toothless burst from the clouds, the Red Death hot on their tail, exploding from within. It glanced forward and saw the ground rushing up. It quickly threw open its wings, attempting to put on the brakes, but the punctured, damaged wings couldn't stop its momentum. As the Red Death choked on the expanding fireball, the last thing it saw was Toothless suddenly pulling out of the dive, streaking up, past its head as it hit the ground, head-first, and exploded like the Hindenburg.

The pair weaved through the monster's massive back plates, wings, and flailing legs—a high-speed recall of the free fall slalom run. The expanding fireball raced toward them, about to swallow them, but they managed to clear the obstacles. Hiccup glanced back to see them having outran the fireball, only to look forward just in time to see the monster's massive club tail careening toward them. He tried to shift their direction but the last shreds of Toothless' tail tore away due to the fire the Red Death shot at before, causing Hiccup's pedals to go dead.

"No! No!"

Hiccup and Toothless couldn't maneuver; they were dead in the air. The giant club tail clipped Toothless, tearing Hiccup from the harness and sending him tumbling against the backdrop of the fast-approaching fireball. Toothless let out a horrified shriek and struggled with all his might to reach the unconscious Hiccup. They have gotten this far to be together. He almost lost him once, he was not about to lose him again. His life and his child's life depended on him, and there was nothing in the world that could do to stop him, not even the gods of Valhalla. Hiccup was his master, his best friend, his mate, his love, his heart and soul. He was not going to lose him, not now, not ever.

As the fireball swallowed them both, Toothless made one last effort to reach for Hiccup—

-:-

The Vikings watch in horror as Hiccup and Toothless disappeared into the boiling inferno. Once the fire died down into a whiteout of ash, Stoick ran through the thick fog ahead of everyone else.

"Hiccup? Hiccup!" Stoick searched desperately. Everything was

scorched. Even the ground was smoking from the terrible heat.
"Hiccup! Son!"

Through the ash, Stoick saw the motionless silhouette of a black dragon. As the ashy fog cleared a little, he realized that it was Toothless. Gravely, he hurried to the dragon's side. Toothless was roughed up, but conscious. His scorched saddle, however, was vacant. Stoick looked everywhere within Toothless' vicinity, but he was nowhere to be found. He looked up to the sky in despair, fearing the worst. Stricken with grief, he buckled at the knees, overwhelmed by the loss.

"Oh sonâ€¦I did thisâ€¦"

Astrid and the gang pushed through the crowd, their eyes welling up, followed by Gobber. They flanked Stoick as he knelt, slumped over. Behind them, a ring of Vikings formed, keeping a respectful distance. As the dust and smoke cleared, a ring of wild dragons can also be seen, gathering just behind and between the Vikings.

Slowly, Toothless stirred and groggily rolled his head toward Stoick. Their eyes met, just like they did when Stoick rescued him from drowning after coming to a respectable understanding.

"I'm so sorryâ€¦" Stoick said remorsefully, thinking that Toothless was clueless that Hiccup was gone.

Toothless responded by unfolding his wings, revealing Hiccup, unconscious, clutched safely against his chest. Stoick's eyes widened.

"Hiccup!" Stoick exclaimed and scooped Hiccup into his arms. He held Hiccup's chest close to his ear and listened to his heart, then burst into relieved laughter. "He's alive! You brought him back alive!"

The crowd roared in relief and triumph, followed by the dragons. The Vikings looked around to find themselves surrounded, not sure how they should react to that. Stoick leaned close to Toothless, meeting him eye to eye.

"Thank youâ€¦for saving my son."

"Well, you knowâ€¦most of him."

Stoick glanced back at Gobber who made that statement, in which Gobber shrugged in a matter-of-fact way.

* * *

><p>AN: Wohoo~! The day has been saved thanks to our Toothcup couple~! You guys know what's gonna happen next~! Reviews plz!

15. Chapter 15

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these.

So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

Disclaimer: I do not own whatever was used (except OCs) to make this fanfic, but I totally wish I own Toothcup pairings!

* * *

><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON<p>

Hiccup laid asleep, his head on a pillow. A couple of scars littered his face, but showing signs of healing much better than before. Toothless hovered over him, whining and grumbling a little impatiently, but when there was no response, the dragon sat back down sadly, waiting for his mate to wake up.

It had been almost a month and a half since the battle between Berk and the Red Death. The Vikings almost could not believe that the huge monster was defeated by a mere boy and a dragon, but it was there, dead and gone and burnt into a crisp. As the Red Death's head was too big and heavy to be hacked and hauled in as their trophy, the Viking troops decided to take some of its teeth and gouge out all its eyes as proof that they had taken down probably the mightiest of all beasts. After managing to salvage some working ships, everyone made their way back to Berk with the help of Astrid and the gang with their dragons. Using ropes to secure the masts of those ships, the gang's dragons as well as the wild ones dragged the ships across the sea, much to everyone's amazement, and made it safely back to Berk without any hitch.

During the entire journey back to Berk, Toothless never left Hiccup's side. He ignored his own wounds and pain and stood vigil over Hiccup all the way home, only resting when he was too tired to keep awake, wrapping himself protectively around his mate and allowed no one except Stoick and Gobber near him. In fact, Hiccup would unconsciously reach over to grab onto Toothless' tail in his slumber, holding tight and would not let go. Stoick, who witnessed this scene each time he came over to check on his son's condition, was touched by this heartfelt connection and love between them and was finally convinced that the bond between them was real, and that their relationship was serious, and he knew deep down inside, there was nothing he could otherwise to tear them apart.

Hiccup had, due to the hit from the Red Death's tail that caused them to freefall into the inferno, smashed his left leg in many places and, coupled with the fire that charred him just before Toothless managed to grab him, had become broken beyond repair. They had no choice but to amputate that part of the leg before the infection spread to the rest of his body. Toothless did not take to this decision kindly at first. When Stoick took Hiccup from Toothless to the medics to be amputated, Toothless went into a fit, more so when he saw the medic carrying the axe that was meant for surgical amputation. It took almost 5 grown Vikings to hold Toothless back and Gobber to try and convince Toothless that Hiccup needed this surgery to save his life and promised that no harm would come to him, proving it by showing the dragon his own hooked hand and peg leg. The midwife was also brought in to check on Hiccup's child (subsequently revealing Hiccup's family secret that he and his father had guarded their whole life) and said if it weren't for Toothless taking the brunt of the fall during the battle, they would've permanently lost their child. It was a little worse for wear, but it will survive, so

long as Hiccup does not do anymore dangerous stunts like that again.

After the surgery, Toothless again would never leave Hiccup out of his sight. Every day, he would pace or sit around Hiccup, giving him dragon kisses and licking his face, sometimes bringing in some of Hiccup's favourite cooked fish for him in hopes that the smell would wake him up. He would purr quietly at his ear and watched cautiously whenever Stoick, Gobber or the midwife came in to nurse his wounds and feed him liquids to keep him hydrated or to clean him. He would make sure Hiccup's visitors did not overstay their welcome and growled protectively at anyone, other than those allowed, who tried to touch him. He would nuzzle at Hiccup's baby bump and purred sweet nothings to it, telling it to stay strong for him and its mother. And every night, he would carefully climb onto Hiccup's bed and curled up around his mate, hoping that his body warmth would help to minimize the damage the cold might do to Hiccup's amputated leg.

Finally, after a month and a half of being comatose and recharging his batteries, Hiccup slowly stirred and opened his eyes, and the first sight to greet him was Toothless' ecstatic face.

"Oh, hey, Toothless," Hiccup said groggily.

Toothless excitedly nuzzled and nudged Hiccup, a wave of happiness and relief washed through the bond, telling Hiccup that he was so glad to see him awake, alive and kicking.

"I'm happy to see you too, bud," Hiccup smiled, reaching up to kiss Toothless muzzle. As he slowly sat up, he looked around to see that he was in his bed, moved beside the fire pit on the main floor of his house. "I'm in my house" he turned to look at Toothless and realized the significance of his presence. "_You're_ in my house."

Toothless tore around the room excitedly as if telling him 'Yup, that's right. I am in your house', at the same time knocking things over, far too big for the space.

"Uh" does my dad know you're in here?" Hiccup's eyes darted around nervously, afraid that at the next moment the Chief of tribe would suddenly barge in and shout in horror at a dragon in the house.

Toothless paused at the foot of the bed, tongue wagging. He spoke through the bond as he leapt up onto the rafters, telling him that everything was alright and that they didn't have to worry about Stoick anymore.

"Uh" Okay, what exactly does that mean?" Hiccup asked in distress. "Aw, come on"

Hiccup shifted to get out of bed, then paused, sensing that something was wrong. He peeled back the covers slowly. What he saw startled, horrified, and overwhelmed him all at once. What was supposed to be his leg was replaced with a mechanical prosthetic in its place. It's an ingenious spring-loaded replacement, made of wood and iron, and it stung him a little as he tried to step onto it.

"My" My leg" W-What happened to my leg"?"

Toothless landed by the bed and approached him calmly. He pressed his muzzle against Hiccup's temple and spoke to him through his bond as Hiccup did when he told him about their child, calmly explaining to him that it was for his own good. Slowly he raised his eyes to meet Hiccup's, seemingly aware of what Hiccup is going through, and purred. He then leaned down to nuzzle Hiccup's baby bump, which seemed to have grown a little over the past month, as if saying that at least their child was safe and sound and that was all that mattered. Tears of both relief and sadness trickled down Hiccup's cheeks and Toothless licked them away, all the while giving him encouragement through his purrs and through their bond.

After calming down some and letting the reality sink in, Hiccup braced himself on the bedpost and tried to stand on it. He winced and stifles the pain but stumbled with the first step. Toothless caught Hiccup's fall with his head and slowly lifts him up, stabilizing him.

"Thanks, bud," Hiccup tried to smile as he kissed Toothless' forehead.

Carefully, he leaned on Toothless like a crutch. They took a few steps together, their missing parts form a poetic silhouette as they made their way towards the door. Hiccup pried it open and suddenly saw a Monstrous Nightmare flapping outside the door. He yelped and slammed the door closed, thinking it was another dragon invasion again and that nothing had changed since his battle with the Red Death. He turned to Toothless, alarmed.

"Toothless? Stay here, bud."

Hiccup paused and cracked the door open again. He peeked outside, his eyes widening in surprise as he saw more of what was going on. He swung the door open to get a clearer view, only to see that the Monstrous Nightmare was the one they had in the training ring and was carrying an excited Snotlout on its back, guiding a class of newbie dragon riders as they followed him through frame on a variety of dragons.

As Hiccup came out to see the whole picture, he was met with an astounding sight: Vikings and dragons milled about by the dozen, basking on the rooftops, weaving along the plaza. No one seemed upset; there wasn't a sword in sight. Under the framework of a massive barn, a Nadder blasted fire onto a metal brace. It stepped back to let a Viking hammer it into shape. Nearby, a Gronkle landed, carrying a tree trunk in its mouth. He shows a Viking what he's found, in which the Viking patted its head. Another Viking backed a Zippleback into a stall to check it for size. Hiccup takes a step out to the front steps, finding Stoick waiting for him there.

"I knew it. I'm dead," Hiccup said in disbelief at what he had just witnessed before him.

"No, but you gave it your best shot," Stoick laughed, putting his arm around Hiccup, steadying him. He gestures to the transformed village. "So? What do you think?"

"Wowâ€¦" Hiccup breathed, amazed. "Whatâ€¦What happenedâ€¦? What did you do?"

"Oh, nothing much, really. The whole village was already convinced enough that the dragons were not a threat when they saw them bringing us back to Berk and didn't go fire-happy on us. All I had to do was tell them and the village Elders exactly what happened during the battle, and what you have done to save us all. Your friends helped too by demonstrating to us how it would be better for us to ride them rather than kill them."

"You mean Astrid and the guys?"

"Yup, and the rest just slowly fell into place. The older Vikings were a little apprehensive and a little resistant to change, but the young ones adapted to it like ducks in water," Stoick smiled as the villagers took notice of Hiccup's presence and surrounded him with a hero's welcome. "Turns out all we needed was a little more ofâ€| " he gestured non-specifically at Hiccup, "â€|this."

"You just gestured to all of me," Hiccup said humorously, playing along with him.

"Well. Most of you," Gobber said as he pushed through the crowd, beaming proudly. "That bit's my handiwork. With a little Hiccup flare thrown in. Think it'll do?"

"I might make a few tweaks," Hiccup replied in a bittersweet tone, coming to terms with his condition slowly.

"By the way, our family secret is no longer a family secret," Stoick said as he squeezed Hiccup's shoulder gently. "After what happened to your leg, there was no room for hiding anything anymore. They know about you and the little devilâ€|as well as my upcoming grandchild."

"Youâ€|You'reâ€|You're OK with it? Everyone's OK with it?"

"Well, let's face it," Gobber said good-naturedly. "It's not like you're gonna get a date with any girl since you're a bit of it yourself, and with that mark the Night Fury gave you, I don't think you'd be having any other suitors anytime soon. Look at the bright side, at least you're gonna give your father strong heirs for grandchildren."

"Thank you for summing that up," Hiccup rolled his eyes as everyone around him laughed humorously at Gobber's wise-cracking. Astrid appeared through the crowd and jabbed Hiccup in the arm. Hiccup recoiled with a grumble.

"_That's_ for scaring me."

"What, is it always going to be this way? Cause Iâ€|" Hiccup's protests were cut short when she grabbed him aggressively in her arms and hugged him tight, relieved that he was alright, causing 'Aaw~' to follow. "â€|I could get used to it."

After a heartfelt hug between the two friends, Gobber presented Hiccup with a rebuilt saddle, rigging, and tail.

"Welcome home," Gobber said, earning a thankful smile from Hiccup.

Toothless soon pounced on the crowd, crushing several unsuspecting Vikings under his weight. He looked warily at Astrid at first, wondering if she was trying to seduce his mate, before he eyed the new tail excitedly, tongue wagging. Amidst the groans and grumbles, Hiccup and Astrid exchange an amused grin.

"Shall we go for a ride?" Hiccup asked.

"Are you sure?" Stoick asked, a little worried. "You just got out of bed, and with your condition right nowâ€¦"

"Don't worry, Stoick," Gobber eased Stoick's worries. "He had a month and a half of recuperation that could make even that little bairn inside him bored to death. It survived a battle, it can survive this. Besides, he's got Toothless."

"And us," Astrid assured.

"Alright," Stoick sighed, relented. "But if anything happens or if anything feels wrong, you bring him right home, you got it, Devil?"

Toothless nodded, knowing that Stoick called him 'Devil' out of affection, not malice.

Hiccup was soon on Toothless, his prosthetic foot snapping into the modified stirrup. The two pieces clicked together, forming a single shape. Astride Toothless, he was and felt whole again. He rotated the pedal to test it and the new tail opened, revealing it to be bright red with a skull and Viking horns emblazoned on it. Hiccup smiled, approving of the design. As the pair saddled up and ready to fly, Astrid quickly backed her Nadder into position, joined by the rest of the gang who were waiting for them in mid-air.

"You ready?" Hiccup asked.

Toothless snorted an excited 'yes', his ears twitching impatiently.

From his mount, Hiccup looked out over the changed world. Taking a deep breath, he debated a little in his mind as to how long this would last. But for now, as he caressed his baby bump before setting off into the air with Toothless, he knew that no matter what happens, he and Toothless will always be together.

Till the end of time.

* * *

><p>AN: And THE END! Cue credits! Whee~! But don't go away just yet! There is still a short list of epilogues to follow! Reviews plz!

16. Epilogue: Part 1

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write

this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPinG scenes like these.
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fanfic, but I totally wish I own Toothcup pairings!

* * *

><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON: LEGEND OF THE DRAGON-RIDER
WEDDING<p>

"Girls, how long is this gonna take? I told you I don't wanna wear a
girl's dress. I'm a guy, for Thor's sake!"

"Oh, stop your whining. You're the one carrying babies, you
know."

Hiccup groaned as he was in Astrid's room with Ruffnut and the
village weaver and dress-maker, standing on a stool, feeling like an
idiot while Astrid and the girls measure him. He should've known
better when Stoick had tasked these girls to make his wedding
garments. A week after Hiccup's return to the world of living, Stoick
had been very insistent that his grandchild not to be born out of
wedlock and that a wedding to be held between Toothless and Hiccup as
soon as possible. Hiccup had tried to explain that technically he was
already married to Toothless after being given the mark, but Stoick
insisted that if he were to acknowledge Toothless as his son-in-law,
he was going to learn how to respect human customs, thus Hiccup's
predicament right now.

"You need to relax," Ruffnut said as she measured Hiccup's head so
that they could decide on what kind of tiara he should be wearing.
"You're not getting cold feet now, are you?"

"I'm not getting cold feet," Hiccup protested. "I just thought that
maybe I should actually dress like a guy, since, you know, I'm
technically a guy!"

All the girls present giggled at his statement.

"You can't dress like a guy when you're the bride and you're the
mother in this outfit," the village weaver laughed as she jotted down
the measurements. "You're technically one of us now."

"That's right, laddie," the village dress-maker said. "Or should I
say, lassie? If you wanna be a man so much, be a man and suck it up
and take the dress like a man."

"Thank you for summing that up," Hiccup rolled his eyes and groaned,
staying at his spot, praying that this would get over and done
with.

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Toothless was not in good mood either as he was surrounded by the
guys and the assistants of both the village weaver and dress-maker,
wrapped over and over again with measuring ribbons and poured over
through designs like ties and collar binds so that he look like a
proper groom. He didn't know what the heck was the fuss about for all
this human bodily decors when all he wanted was to be by Hiccup's

side and enjoy a nice flight in the open sky, and he couldn't understand why must he go through this human ritual to do what he had already done for Hiccup in the first place, but Stoick was very adamant about it. As much as he hated this, he had to comply if he were ever to be peacefully together with his mate.

"Stay still, Toothless," Tuffnut complained as he wrapped another measuring ribbon atop the previous one. "We need to measure your neck!"

"Wow, I never thought there'd be so many different kinds of colours to choose from for a groom's outfit," Fishlegs commented as he looked through the designs. "There's even black as well."

"Black?" Snotlout looked at Fishlegs incredulously as he measured Toothless' paws. "Toothless is as black as he is! He doesn't need any extra black or he'd be absolutely invisible in the dark! Pick another colour, white or something."

Toothless let out an impatient snort and a long groan.

"I know you're complaining, ya little devil," the weaver's assistant said as she patted Toothless sign. "Even if we don't understand what you're saying. Just hang in there."

Toothless grumbled. If he hung anymore in there, he was gonna choke.

--

Hiccup sighed as he leaned against the window, looking out at the night sky. He was supposed to be holed up in his house, avoiding Toothless for the day as tradition stated that it was bad luck to meet the bride a day before the wedding. He was also supposed to wait for the girls to show up as they were going to celebrate their bachelorette party at his house. The fire has been lit and the preparations on the dining table have been set, and he figured Toothless and the guys, including his father and Gobber are probably in the Great Hall right now celebrating his bachelor party...

Suddenly he blinked for a split second and found himself in the middle of a mysterious fog that came out of nowhere. He looked around for any signs of life before he heard the sound of pitter-pattering of feet. He followed that sound and soon saw that he was chasing himself. Instead it was himself when he was not yet pregnant, still had his good leg, and he was pushing the wheel barrow-like device towards the cliff where he shot Toothless down on that fateful day.

He watched as the familiar scene unfolded itself: cranking the lever, cocking the bowed arms of the contraption, dropping the bola, the works. He watched as he saw himself muttering, looking at the sky to find Toothless in the dark. He knew what was going to happen next, but he was powerless to stop himself. He tried to yell at himself, telling the past Hiccup to stop and not shoot, but it fell upon deaf ears as Toothless came into view and the past Hiccup shot at him.

_Another split second and another blink of an eye later, he found

himself being the past Hiccup. He watched as the bola flew towards Toothless and hit the mark. But instead of making out a silhouette of Toothless being bound by the bola and his piercing shriek, he was much closer, almost above his head, and instead of just binding Toothless, there was something about the bola that drew blood. Droplets of Toothless' warm blood sprayed out of him and fell like rain, splattering all over Hiccup's face, before he fell like a meteor towards Raven Point._

"_No!" Hiccup whimpered, falling to his knees. "No, no, no!" No, what have I done? What have I done? Toothless!"_

Before he could make his way to Raven Point, he was held back by a strong grip on his shoulder. He turned around to see the villagers, fresh from the fight of ridding another dragon invasion, and they were all smiles.

"_Great work, Hiccup!"_

"_You took down a Night Fury all by yourself!"_

"_You're the man, Hiccup!"_

"_That's my boy!" Stoick emerged from the crowd, pride brimming on his face. "I knew you were cut out to be a Viking!"_

"_Congratulations, Hiccup!" Gobber joined in happily. "You deserve it!"_

"_Now let's follow Hiccup to Raven Point and get that Night Fury once and for all!"_

"_Hurrah!"_

Hiccup was lifted up and paraded towards Raven Point. The villagers were armed to the teeth as they cheered over Hiccup and searched for Toothless. Hiccup was horrified. This was not the way! He'd admit that at that time, he would do anything to catch their attention and get them to believe that he had caught a Night Fury and give him the recognition he deserved, but that was the past. This was not the way he wanted to gain their recognition! Not when it involved killing Toothless!

"_No, no, it's my mistake!" Hiccup shouted desperately. "I don't think it went anywhere! Please stop! I don't even think I hit anything! Please, I beg you, stop!"_

His screams fell on deaf ears. They were gaining closer and closer to where Toothless had fallen.

"_Please, please don't hurt him! Don't hurt Toothless! Please, NO!"_

"NO!"

Hiccup came to his senses as he blinked his teary eyes open. The hand he held out to stop the villagers was found touching a set of cold scaly skin and felt the vibration of a purr. As his vision cleared, he saw that Toothless was before him, his head stuck through the

window Hiccup had fallen asleep on.

"A dream?"

Toothless purred, asking him through their bond if he was alright.

"I think so," Hiccup said as he double-checked himself to see his baby bump and his prosthetic leg before sighing in relief. "I think I just kinda dozed off waiting for the girls and had a nightmare."

Toothless purred comfortingly at him and licked Hiccup's cold sweat away, nuzzling him.

"What are you doing here, Toothless? Shouldn't you be with the guys at the Great Hall for your bachelor party?"

Toothless gave him a puppy-eyed look, their bond telling him that the dragon missed him after haven't seeing each other all day.

"Ah ha ha, I guess you don't believe the superstition about bad luck meeting the bride the day before the wedding, huh?"

Toothless shook his head. He couldn't care less about human customs. To him, they were already married, they were already mates, and that was all that mattered.

"Oh, Toothless, you're such a gentleman," Hiccup leaned in to give him a kiss. The past was the past. His dreams were just that: a past that had already happened and nothing to be dwelt upon. If he had not done what he did, as naïve and reckless as it were, he would never have met Toothless, he would never have understood dragons the way he understood Toothless, he would have never fallen in love with the legendary Night Fury and he wouldn't have helped Berk achieve the peaceful co-existence they had now. He would've still been the runt of the tribe and a disappointment to his father as well as continuing to slaughter thousands of these misunderstood creatures, and there would never have been peace. As he cuddled and nuzzled against Toothless, he showed through their bond how much he loved Toothless and how happy he was now than he had ever before in his life, and Toothless reciprocated that feeling. Unfortunately their moment was short-lived when Hiccup heard the front door of his house opened.

"Toothless!" Astrid was the first to catch sight of Toothless at the window when she entered. "Bad dragon! Bad, bad dragon! No looking at the bride before the wedding!"

"Yeah, what are you doing here?" Ruffnut chided. "You should be at the Great Hall! Go on, shoo, shoo!"

"Aww, c'mon, girls~!" Hiccup protested as the girls came forth to shove Toothless out the window.

"You know the rules. Go on, git!" Astrid shooed Toothless and closed the shutters of the window, barring the dragon out while Ruffnut went and closed all possible exits and entrances to keep Toothless out.

Both Hiccup and Toothless groaned. This was going to be a LONG night.

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All the villagers and their dragons were gathered in the cove. Food, drinks and decors littered the place as the ceremony was about to start. Everyone was dressed to the nines and was chattering away excitedly at how extraordinary and special this occasion was going to be.

Hiccup and Toothless endured through all the traditions and superstitions, but they had one condition for Stoick if they were to marry: their wedding must be held at the cove where Hiccup and Toothless' relationship first began. It was a special place for them and they would not have it any other way. The day had finally come and Toothless, who was dressed in his groom outfit—which consisted of a wooly sheep scarf, leather leg cuffs and thick Viking belt and a sword in its hilt—was waiting in the front line nervously.

"Take it easy, Devil," Gobber, who was the best man, said as he patted Toothless' head. "Hiccup is coming soon. Now, the tradition of this village is that Stoick will hand over Hiccup to you, and you must lead the bride to the altar where the village Elders. You got it?"

Toothless nodded and chirped, showing that he understood.

Soon, the sound of pan flutes, horn pipes, stringed instruments and lur could be heard from a distant, coming closer and closer as Hiccup's convoy made their way to the cove. Everyone looked up to see Stoick with Hiccup sitting on his shoulder, as how Berk tradition does for generations.

All eyes were focused on Hiccup who was balanced carefully on Stoick's shoulder as Stoick and the wedding march convoy and music players climbed down the cove slowly, making their way towards the ceremony venue. Hiccup was dressed in white and gold, with a long beautiful skirt and modestly spread frills, and a pretty veil over his head adorned with a dragon-motif golden tiara. He wasn't wearing any make-up, but his cheeks showed that whoever dressed him up did put a little colour on them to bring out the glow in him.

Toothless gulped and blushed as he watched Hiccup being brought closer to him. He wasn't sure if it was the dress or the colour on his cheeks or that pregnancy glow he had, but he was absolutely stunning. He had never seen Hiccup any more beautiful than this.

"Hang in there, Toothless," Gobber said as he grinned at Toothless' reaction, but secretly he was also blushing a little at how pretty Hiccup was.

Once Stoick reached Toothless, he picked his son off his shoulder and slowly lowered him onto Toothless' back. Because Hiccup was wearing a dress, he had no choice but to ride Toothless side-saddle. Hiccup looked up to see Stoick looking a little teary, like he was going to cry.

"Aww, c'mon, Dad," Hiccup smiled kindly. "I'm not gonna be gone

forever."

"I know, son, I know," Stoick sniffed as he secretly wiped a tear away. "Now you be good to my son, you devil, and take care of my grandchild while you're at it."

Toothless nodded, understanding what he meant. He leaned close to lick submissively at Stoick's hand, a sign of respect and a promise that he would keep his word.

"Let's go to the altar," Hiccup patted Toothless' side. "Slowly now. Follow the beat of the music."

Toothless chirped and went up with the beat of the Viking wedding march music. The dragon tried his best to match the music, since dragons were not known to understand human music anyway. Gobber walked in front of the pair, serving Toothless as his guideline, and the bridesmaids (namely Astrid and Ruffnut) at the back of them, until they reach the altar, where the village Elders officiated the wedding. Once they reached there, Gobber helped Hiccup get off Toothless before he and the bridesmaids made their way to their respective spots.

"We are together here to bring this dragon, Toothless the Night Fury, and this rider, Hiccup Horrendous the III, to lock their love forever in the eyes of Odin and Thor Almighty. If anyone objects to this union, speak now or forever hold your peace," the village Elders, after chanting a little sing-song prayers and traditional blessings, started the ceremony. When there were no objections, they continued, "We shall start with the drinking of honey mead."

The bridesmaids brought in the huge chalice to the Elders, in which one of them brought out a huge jug and poured in the honey mead into the chalice. Another Elder took the chalice from the bridesmaids and held it before Toothless and Hiccup.

"We shall now commence the drinking of this honey mead to bless this couple a long and happy marriage, sweetness till the end."

The Elder then came close to Hiccup and Toothless to feed them the mead. Hiccup leaned in to drink half of it first, then Toothless leaned in to lap up the rest. Toothless had to admit that this drink tasted great as he licked his lips in content.

"Now the time for exchange of vows and rings," the leading Elder said as Gobber brought in the rings to pass it to her. She took the first ring, which had a dragon and fire motif design to it, and turned to Toothless, "Toothless the Night Fury, do you take Hiccup Horrendous the III as your lawful wedded wife, in sickness and health, till death do u part?"

Toothless chirped and nodded happily, in which the Elder helped put the ring onto Hiccup's finger. She then took the other ring, which had a Viking-ish motif design to it, and turned to Hiccup.

"Do you, Hiccup Horrendous the III, take Toothless the Night Fury as your lawful wedded husband, in sickness and health, till death do u part?"

"I do, till the end of time," Hiccup replied, and the Elder took a

small hot poker and gestured Gobber to hold Toothless in place. Since Toothless did not have a finger to put on the ring, the ring was fashioned to look like an earring and they decided to put it on Toothless' ear instead. Toothless was a little apprehensive at first, but after Hiccup comforted his mate through their bond, reassuring him that everything was alright, Toothless tried his best to stay still as the Elder punched the hot poker through the tip of Toothless' left ear before fitting the ring through it. Toothless tried to resist the urge shaking his head from the sting, but his ear couldn't help twitching now and then. After a few more blessings, the Elder ended the ceremony.

"I now pronounced their love locked forever as long as they live and may the gods of Valhalla bless them. You may kiss the bride, Toothless."

Hiccup had to crouch a little to allow Toothless to part his veil, and Toothless stared in wonder at how beautiful his mate was. There was no words either of them could express their feelings for each other, but they could feel it through their bond. They were in love, they were mates both body and soul and they will be together as long as they lived, and that was enough for them. Straightening himself so that he was level with Hiccup, Toothless leaned in and gave Hiccup his favourite dragon kiss, in which Hiccup reciprocated passionately. Everyone cheered and clapped at the background, whooping at the happy newlyweds as they threw lovely white flower petals that they brought along over them, raining down on their heads like pure, white snow.

"I love you," Hiccup whispered between kisses. "I love you so, so much."

Toothless purred a reply, and Hiccup understood what that meant as they broke the kiss to lead the guests to the reception.

I love you too, forever and ever.

* * *

><p>AN: Aww~! This epilogue is so sweet, it's giving me cavities~! X3 I know I'm supposed to write this in accordance with Legend of the Boneknapper, but since it wasn't exactly a pretty good short and it also doesn't really feature much Toothcup, I decided to modify the title and dedicate this epilogue to their wedding instead. And I know it prolly doesn't exactly fit an actual proper Viking wedding, but I try my best to research on it, and I assume that there are all kinds of Viking villages, they might have their own unique traditions Stay tuned, coz there's two more epilogues to go! Reviews plz!

17. Epilogue: Part 2

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

Disclaimer: I do not own whatever was used (except OCs) to make this fanfic, but I totally wish I own Toothcup pairings!

* * *

><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON: GIFT FOR THE NIGHT FURY<p>

Hiccup was awakened by the strong, deep thumping of the rooftop and an impatient roar. He groaned and went under the covers, trying to ignore it but it persistently continued, the dust flakes from the ceiling falling onto him. Finally, after a few nagging thumps, Hiccup surrendered and got out of bed.

"Alright, alright, I'm upâ€|" Hiccup mumbled as he slowly pushed himself up, moaning a little at the weight of his belly and the slight strain on his back before he reached over towards the helmet to put it on. It had been a considerable few months since their wedding and they had recently just settled into their new home. Everyone chipped in to build the newlyweds home the week after the wedding, and it was built about a few blocks away from his old home with Stoick's.

Every day was like a new day for the newlyweds as they continued to play their role in educating the village on how to handle and train dragons, and everyone, though a little awkward at first, slowly eased in to the fact that Hiccup was 'different' than them, physically speaking. Due to his condition, he was not allowed to do any rigorous flying but he did coached at the sidelines as he and his fellow peers taught new recruits how to ride their dragons, and since now the dragons' manual "Book of Dragons" was considered obsolete due to their new discoveries, Hiccup and his team would gather at night in the Great Hall to rewrite the manual, adding new information to the book about the dragons they learnt.

Hiccup's pregnancy went pretty smoothly as the months progressed. He didn't have much of a morning sickness (it only lasted for a week) but he did have a big appetite, eating probably thrice the usual helping he usually did, which was fine with Stoick and the others, since Vikings have always had a healthy appetite and, well, Hiccup much less than most. He wasn't sure how long does an actual dragon pregnancy last, or whether or not it would follow a human's pregnancy or even a mix of both, and unfortunately since Toothless was not female (as all female dragons are born with the instinct to know these things), he couldn't tell exactly the duration of the pregnancy either. But by far, the midwife has been giving him and the baby a clean bill of health, and its growth was pretty much as normal as it could be, though Hiccup would sometimes feel like he was some kind of beached whale.

After freshening up himself, he went outside, yawning as he rubbed his arms for warmth. Looking up, he saw Toothless waiting up there on the roof, looking very excited as he felt it through their bond.

"Well, good morning, Mr. Bossy," Hiccup greeted humorously, in which Toothless replied with a dragon chuckle. Hiccup copied him sarcastically before coming closer to him, "I know our baby needs the regular morning flight exercise, but do we really have to wake up so early to go flyingâ€|!"

Hiccup's prosthetic foot lost friction on the ice and he slipped, but thankfully Toothless got down just in time to hold onto Hiccup before

he fell. He held onto Toothless for support for a moment before he tried to regain balance.

"Stupid leg," Hiccup complained as he shook it a little to see if nothing was bent out of shape.

Toothless nuzzled Hiccup's belly worriedly, sniffing at it and purring, asking him through their bond if he was OK.

"Thanks, buddy, I'm OK," Hiccup smiled tenderly as he kissed his forehead. He preferred to call him 'buddy', his way of calling him 'honey' or 'hubby'. "Yeah, we can go flying now."

Toothless chirped happily, accidentally burping out his breakfast he had beforehand at Hiccup's face.

"Eew, wait, what, eew~!" Hiccup groaned disgustingly as he waved the smell of fish away, pouting. "Toothless~!"

Toothless gave his toothless grin, as if he didn't think it was any problem.

-:-

Everyone in Berk was getting ready for the upcoming Snoggle-tog, the celebration of snow and ice and tributes to the gods of winter. The Snoggle Tree was in place along with its decors and hanging candles, the outdoor and home ornaments were hung, the helmets were all laid out in their fireplaces for the upcoming presents and the Snoggle Feast was on its way in the kitchens of the Great Hall, amongst other things. This was just like any other Snoggle-tog preparation day, but this time they were not alone in celebrating it. This year, they had dragons to celebrate it with and the dragons were not exempted in experiencing the holiday mood as they helped out with the decors and also entertaining the young ones while the adults were busy.

"By Odin's beard, Gobber," Stoick said in amazement as he walked with the peg-legged blacksmith, making his rounds to see the progress of the preparations. "Vikings spending the winter holiday with dragons. What would our fathers think?"

"They'd think we lost our minds," Gobber laughed along with Stoick. "So how goes Hiccup and the Devil? Excited to be a grandfather soon?"

"Well, I dunno what to think of it actually," Stoick replied. "I must admit I am a little worried, since Hiccup is quite young to be a mother. We're not sure when's the due date, but I have a feeling that it'll be any day now, and Hiccup's a little too small and weak to handle a birth."

"Aww, give the lad a little more credit there, Stoick. What he lacks in strength and size, he compensates with spirit. He tamed that ol' Devil now, didn't he?"

Stoick chuckled, knowing that Gobber was right. Hiccup had been through things no Viking had ever imagined to face, and came out a hero and a man. And with Toothless, he would be sure to pull through. Taking another look at the village, he soon addressed them.

"Well done, well done, all of you," Stoick praised his villagers for their effort. "I never thought I'd see this day: Peace on the island of Berk. This will surely be the greatest holiday we've ever seen."

All the villagers laughed and cheered in agreement, concurring with Stoick's statement. It was definitely a holiday to be remembered for generations to come.

Suddenly Stoick felt a strange atmosphere in the air. He looked up and saw that there were flocks upon flocks of dragons in the sky, flying away to the direction of the South, all seemingly anxious to go somewhere. All the Berk dragons seemed to react the same as well as one by one, they growled and chirped excitedly and started taking off into the air without warning. Hookfang, Snotlout's Monstrous Nightmare, flew off in the middle of helping him to nail in the decors on the roof. Meatlug, Fishlegs' Gronckle was already halfway there racing towards the cliff. Stormfly, Astrid's Deadly Nadder already started flapping her wings and lifting off. It was a strange and alien sight to behold, and only one thought came to everyone's mind.

"Where's Hiccup?"

--

Hiccup and Toothless were gliding effortlessly through the clouds. Though tempted to do some daredevil stunts while they're at it, they had to think about Hiccup's condition, so other than flying through the clouds, weaving in and out through rock pillars and outrunning numerous birds through canyons, their flight exercise was practically safe and sound.

"Whaddaya say, buddy?" Hiccup asked as he patted Toothless' head. "Wanna go up higher again?"

Before Toothless could reply, they saw the incoming dragons ahead of them. Hiccup exclaimed in surprise as he and Toothless weaved around to avoid hitting any of them. In midst of it, one of the dragons clipped Hiccup's helmet and it came off, plummeting a couple thousand feet below.

"Oh no, my helmet!" Hiccup said, which prompted Toothless to go after it, as the dragon knew that it was a keepsake from Hiccup's mother and precious to his mate. Hiccup was taken by surprise as Toothless went after the helmet like it was the Holy Grail and shouted, "Woah! No, no, no, no~! Toothless, stop!"

Toothless heard him and opened his wings, stopping and flapping his wings in midair, the bond asking Hiccup why they stopped as his eyes darted around to see where the helmet dropped down to.

"We'll get it later, bud," Hiccup said, emphasizing it with his feelings through the bond. "We need to get back and find out what's wrong."

Toothless looked up at the dragon knowingly and looked around again for the helmet, then relented and followed Hiccup back to Berk. Hiccup could feel that Toothless knew something about this phenomenon through their bond, but he thought it would be best to know about it

once they were in solid ground. If this were happening right now, Berk would probably be affected. As it turned out, he was right. He saw the last of Berk's dragons leaving the village with frantic villagers chasing after them in vain. Astrid begged Stormfly not to go but it fell on deaf ears before she noticed Hiccup touching down.

"Astrid!" Hiccup called out to her as he got off Toothless, running towards her.

"Hiccup, what is going on?" Astrid asked in panic. "Where are they going?"

Before Hiccup could answer, the villagers, driven by panic and confusion, surrounded him.

"Why did they leave?"

"What's happening?"

"What if they never come back?"

"Wait—stop—" Hiccup was overwhelmed by all the bombarding questions before he was saved by his father's booming voice.

"Calm down! Give him a chance to speak!" Stoick commanded as he pushed through the crowd. "Are you alright, Hiccup? Is the baby OK?"

Hiccup could only nod. He barely had time to catch his breath.

"Hiccup, where have our dragons gone?"

"Dad, I—I don't know—" Hiccup admitted sadly, but then saw Toothless conversing with Stormfly before the latter left to join the flock. "But I think Toothless does. Toothless!"

Toothless roared a goodbye to Stormfly before turning towards Hiccup, purring as he nuzzled his belly.

"Toothless," Hiccup took Toothless' cheeks and made him look at him face to face. "Talk to me. What is going on?"

Toothless purred a little in a reassuring tone before pressing his head against Hiccup's forehead, speaking through their bond. After almost 15 minutes, Hiccup got the message and stood up, facing Stoick and the villagers of Berk.

"What's going on? What did Toothless say?" Stoick asked eagerly.

"You might wanna gather everyone in the Great Hall for this," Hiccup replied.

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Everyone was both relieved yet downcast at the same time. From the images through the bond he got from Toothless, Hiccup explained that it was the dragons' nesting season, which was where all the dragons,

after their mating season, have went off to build their nests and lay their eggs. It was a homing instinct thing, though Hiccup was not sure where exactly they were having their nests and eggs, and he assured that they would be back soon, though he, too, didn't know how long they were going to stay gone, since Toothless never really told him, only gave images for him to interpret.

"But how long will they be gone? That's the question," one villager asked worriedly.

"Will they ever be back?"

"What if they're gone for good?"

"Snoggle-tog is ruined~!" one of the villagers moaned sadly.

"It's not ruined," Stoick protested as he took over the public speaking. "We're Vikings! We've been perfectly celebrating without dragons for generations, and there's no reason we can't do it again. Now we don't know where they've gone off to, but we know why they left, and we have to have faith that they will be back again soon. Am I right?"

"He's right! We are Vikings! We're tough!" Gobber supported Stoick, though the decors all over him was not exactly convincing. "Most of the time. Let's sing some Snoggle-tog songs!"

Hiccup and his teens had enough of that sad sight. Prompted by Snotlout, they left the Great Hall quietly without anyone noticing they were gone. Hiccup felt really bad and wanted to stay to see if he could help, but Astrid shook her head and took his hand, leading him out. There was nothing else he could do. He had already explained what Toothless told him and it was up to the villagers to take the news. As they walked back to their homes, they gloomily lamented about their plight.

"That was depressing," Ruffnut groaned.

"I know," Astrid agreed. "I was looking forward to spending the holiday with Stormfly."

"Yeah, now we're not even sure whether Hookfang would even make it in time to celebrate Snogglotog," Snotlout grumbled, though soon he and the others seemed to notice that Fishlegs didn't seem too bothered with it as he was whistling away like nobody's business.

"What are you so happy about?" Tuffnut asked suspiciously. "Don't you miss Meatlug?"

"Me?" Fishlegs was caught by surprise at first, then saw all eyes were on him before he cleared his throat and started 'sobbing'. "Well, yeah! I miss him so much! Well, good night."

The gang watched him tottering off with a slack-jawed look and shook their heads in a 'Why do we even bother' way. Fishlegs was always the weird one next to Hiccup anyway.

"I got an idea!" Astrid gasped as she turned to the team. "Let's come up with some new holiday traditions, you know, to bury the sadness."

The team groaned. Things were depressing enough as it was. They didn't need to come up with lame ideas to remind people that having dragons was a better tradition than theirs. Astrid turned to Hiccup for support.

"Actually Astrid might be on to something," Hiccup said, trying to be supportive.

"Easy for you to say," Tuffnut said as he gestured to Toothless who was at the front porch of their home looking out to the horizon. "You're here and having his kid, so you don't need a nest or anything, and your dragon can't go anywhere without you."

"Must be nice," Ruffnut agreed in a jealous tone as she walked off with the gang grudgingly, leaving Hiccup behind.

Hiccup laid his hand on his belly and looked up at Toothless sadly. Tuffnut was right. Toothless couldn't go anywhere without him. He had to be riding him and controlling his tail before they could go anywhere else. He had grounded him for life, and his promise to help solve Toothless' flight problem was still not yet kept since the day he made it.

It was time he fulfilled that promise.

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"Yak-nog! Get your Yak-nog! Get a frothy delicious cup of cheer!"

Hiccup could hear Astrid's voice at a distance as he buried his head in his latest work. After what Tuffnut had said to him last night, he couldn't really sleep and decided to screw it and made his way to the workshop, busily sketching and designing and building. By the time he did most of the work, it was already morning and he hadn't slept a wink. To his midwife, if she were to find out, it would be disastrous to her, like telling her he went skinny-dipping in the cold sea water last night, but what she doesn't know would hurt her.

"Hiccup?" Astrid's voice was soon heard inside the blacksmith stall.

"Yeah, I'm over here, Astrid," Hiccup said as he grabbed a pair of pliers. "Coming."

"Here, happy holidays," Astrid said as she was holding a tray (technically a shield) towards him. There was a jug and two cups, containing some sort of mead-like frothy beverage. "I'm not sure whether it's OK for you to drink while pregnant, but I can assure I didn't add anything alcoholic in it."

"Thank you, milady," Hiccup said as he took one that was already filled for him and was about to drink it when Astrid noticed his work.

"What are you up to?"

"OK, you're gonna think I'm crazy but I couldn't stop thinking about what Tuffnut said last night," Hiccup said as he set his drink down

and showed her his work. "Toothless can't come and go like other dragons, and, well, that's just not fair. And I did make a solemn promise to him that I would fix his tail for good. So I was up all night and I think I found a way to fix that."

"No way! You built him a new tail?" Astrid said in admiration as Hiccup sipped her drink, oblivious to his reaction towards the taste of her so-called Yak-nog. "So he's gonna be able to fly without you!"

"Mm-hmm~" Hiccup hummed, trying hard not to swallow but trying hard not to spit it out and offend her.

"Wow, what a great gift!"

"Hum-hnnh."

"What if he never comes back?"

"Hnnâ€|" Hiccup hadn't thought about that.

"Pssh! What am I saying? Of course he will."

"Mm-hmm."

"Well, I'm gonna spread some more holiday cheer," Astrid said as she turned to leave, much to Hiccup's relief. "You're amazing!"

Making sure that Astrid was absolutely gone, Hiccup quickly spat out the Yak-nog. It really tasted like yak milkâ€"the kind of rancid-tasting milk that Vikings would go for as a last resort if their livestock were not producing enough milkâ€"and raw eggs and a combination of spoilt curd and fermented cheese. If they weren't best friend, he'd thought she was trying to murder him and his baby. After managing to get the filthy taste out of his mouth, he turned to the finished tail. Hesitation lingered a little in his heart as he thought of the possibility that Astrid was right, that maybe after getting his new tail, Toothless would relish the freedom of no longer being grounded and fly off into the sunset and never come back, but he shook that thought away as he carried the new tail.

Toothless was his mate, his husband, his love, and he was carrying his child. He had to have faith that Toothless would never do such a thing.

-:-

"Toothless! Come on down, bud. I've got something for ya. It's a surprise."

Toothless came down the roof, surprised to see that Hiccup was not coming out of the house as usual from his frantic thumping, but from the direction of the village. He saw his mate carrying something quite big and heavy and berated him through their bond for doing such things in his condition. Hiccup smiled his worries away and showed him what he had.

"Whaddaya think of that?" Hiccup asked as Toothless sniffed curiously at the tail before looking up at Hiccup questioningly. When he made his way towards Toothless' tail, Toothless was still wary of the odd

contraption and circled away from him, as if trying to avoid him, making Hiccup chuckle. "Toothless, come on, bud. Lemme put this on you."

Feeling the reassurance in their bond, Toothless slowed down to a stop and let Hiccup do his thing, watching him curiously.

"Yeah, you are going to love this," Hiccup said albeit slightly reluctant as he finished fixing it on him.

Once the tail was fully strapped onto him, Hiccup got off his tail and stood a slight distance away. Almost immediately Toothless could feel that there was something different, something wrong, about the tail as he tried to shake it off, growling anxiously. He spun around in circles, chasing his own tail, growling and roaring at it to get it off. He didn't like it. It felt weird, it felt foreign, it feltâ€¦un-Hiccup.

"No, no, no, Toothless, please stopâ€¦!"

When Toothless flared his good fin to try and snap it off, the new fin flared along with him in perfect unison, catching the dragon's attention. He then realized that Hiccup had modified the fin in such a way that it would work in cohesion with his good fin when the mini joint was strapped on and attached to it. As he lowered his tail and brought it closer and flexed his good fin, the new fin followed as well as if it had always been there, as if his tail had never been damaged. A feeling of comprehension was evident in their bond.

"There you go," Hiccup sighed in relief as his mate finally got the idea. "See? Got it?"

Toothless turned to Hiccup with a heartfelt look in his eyes, as if asking 'You did thisâ€¦for me?' Hiccup smiled back and reminded him through their bond of the promise he made to Toothless when made the first prototype fin: that he would fix his tail for good. The dragon looked almost like he could burst into tears as he stared longingly into Hiccup's eyes, and Hiccup was glad to see that his mate was really touched over this gift.

"Toothlessâ€¦!" Hiccup reached out to give him a hug but Toothless withdrew from him all of a sudden. When Hiccup came even closer, wondering what was that about, he only got 'I'll be right back' vibe from Toothless before the latter immediately took off, flying away alone on his own for the first time in months and leaving Hiccup down on the ground, looking up in confusion.

Though the bond did not tell him so, Hiccup felt the worst.

* * *

><p>AN: I think we all know what's gonna happen next. Stay tuned for the absolute finale of How to Love Your Dragon! Reviews plz!

18. Epilogue: Part 3

A/N: I watched all HTTYD franchise, including Book of Dragons and Gift of Night Fury. Now I'm totally waiting for the TV series to show

up so I can watch more of the franchise. I have been craving to write this version of HTTYD ever since I've been RPing scenes like these. So I just decide to just fuck it and do it

Disclaimer: I do not own whatever was used (except OCs) to make this fanfic, but I totally wish I own Toothcup pairings!

* * *

><p>HOW TO LOVE YOUR DRAGON: GIFT FOR THE NIGHT FURY<p>

Three days had passed since Toothless left with those brief 'I'll be right back' last words. During those days, Hiccup almost couldn't sleep at night and he would always wake before sunrise, hoping to hear Toothless back on his usual spot, thumping away at the roof to wake him up for their flight exercise for their baby. He had been feeling a little restless these days as his belly had stopped growing and been having slightly more backaches than he usually did, and all the while he worried if Toothless would ever bother to come back when the time comes or if he were ever want to come back after finally earning his freedom. He knew he couldn't think so lowly of Toothless, but he couldn't help it either.

Suddenly he heard the familiar thumping on the roof. Excited, but unable to move as quickly as he did before, he waddled as fast as he could outside, eager to reunite with his mate.

"Toothless! I knew you'd come baâ€|"

"Morning, son!"

Hiccup's elated face dropped as he saw that it was not Toothless, but Stoick who was helping out with fixing the roof tiles and decorating his home.

"Oh, hey, Dad."

"Glad you're up," Stoick beamed as he came down the ladder off the roof. "I was looking for your helmet."

"Mâ€|M-M-Myâ€|My helmet?" Hiccup stammered, remembering that he had lost it during their flight exercise.

"Would need a place to put your goodies."

"Yeah, well, I'll, uh, I'll get on with itâ€|Greatâ€|" Hiccup muttered as he turned away, knowing that he would never find that helmet anyway, what with it probably sitting in the bottom of the ocean. Even if he knew where it fell, he would need Toothless to get him thereâ€|or at least a dragonâ€|but neither was available. Stoick noticed his unenthusiastic tone and stopped him short.

"Hold on," Stoick waited till Hiccup faced him before continuing. "Hold on. What's in your mind? Come on, out with it."

"Wellâ€|" Hiccup sighed. "It's been three days, Dad. I just thought Toothless would be back by now like he said he would."

"I'm sure he's with the other dragons."

"Maybe, but he's the last one left. I'm the only one he bred with, and I'm right here. He didn't need to leave. I wish I could be that sure."

"Listen," Stoick sighed as well, feeling his son's sadness. "I know what it's like to miss someone this time of year. But what can we do when they can't be here for the holidays? We celebrate them, and that's what I imagine that's exactly what Toothless would want you to do. And I know he wouldn't miss the birth of his child for the world. He will be back, and you will be one big happy family again. Right?"

"You're right," Hiccup replied, knowing that his father spoke the truth.

"Good, now get that helmet," Stoick patted a little too hard on Hiccup's shoulder as he walked back to the village. "We have enough disappointment around here."

_You and me both, _Hiccup thought as he rubbed his shoulder painfully.

-:-

Hiccup, seeing that his dad was pretty much pre-occupied with other things, decided to let the helmet issue slide until he could work out an excuse. Due to his condition, he was not able to lift or carry heavy things around, so he was put in charge of supervising the kitchen of the Great Hall instead. Since he was pregnant and living his own life in his own house with Toothless, he had to learn to how to cook for himself, and it turned out that he adapted and mastered cooking in the kitchen as well as he did with mechanics. Like finding the right tools for an equipment, he could find the right ingredients for a dish, though he did need a little help from pointers, cookbooks and old-school housewives.

He was going to the docks to get someone to bring more fish for the stew when he bumped into Fishlegs who just so happen to be carrying a whole basketful of fish with him.

"Oh, are those for the kitchen or are you that hungry?" Hiccup noted at the amount of fish he was carrying. "There's enough fish there to feed a dragon."

"Huhâ€|Ohâ€|Huh, a dragonâ€|That'sâ€|" Fishlegs laughed nervously as he trailed away, turning around and walking away quickly. Curious, Hiccup quietly followed him to which Fishlegs led him to the storage barn at the far end of the village. He secretly watched as Fishlegs went into the barn for almost 10 minutes, then came out empty-handed but happy and content as he left, making sure no one saw him. As soon as he was gone, Hiccup's curiosity got the better of him as he went in to investigate. The moment he stepped in, he felt something with glowing yellow eyes came towards him in the dark, sniffing at his belly and licking at his face. When Hiccup tried to gain composure and held onto whatever was slobbering him, a loud clank, like the sound of chains breaking, was heard and Hiccup found himself entangled onto the chain, indirectly tying himself onto the creature before it zoomed out of the barn and flew into the air.

"Meatlug?" Hiccup exclaimed as he recognized the creature once it was

out in daylight. The dragon looked at him for a second, then continued flying with Hiccup tied around his side. They flew through the village and zoomed past Astrid, who was just about to look for him when the kitchen staff noticed he was being gone too long.

"Hiccup?" Astrid ran after the duo. "Where are you going?"

"I have no idea~!" Hiccup replied as he was taken further and further away from the village. As he tried to maneuver himself onto Meatlug while undoing the chains, he saw that they were heading towards the foggy area of Helheim's Gate. Barely missing a couple of rock pillars and a boat mast, Hiccup tried to ask Meatlug where it was taking him, but unfortunately, his bond only extended between him and Toothless and he couldn't understand what Meatlug was thinking even if he tried.

Meatlug soon flew higher up to avoid anymore unwanted accidents within the low visibility fog and went up above the clouds for a clearer view. Before they knew it, it was almost midday before Meatlug finally got to the end of the cloud cluster to reveal a huge reddish-brown crescent-shaped island surrounded by big rock pillars and small hills in random patterns. The sea collected in the center of the island like a huge bottomless pond, and the beach sand that connected it to the island shore gave out a rainbow-ish colour to it. Slowly Meatlug and Hiccup descended onto the island and the dragon gently let Hiccup get off before it went on its way to join the crowd.

As Hiccup stood at a high point to get a clear view, he saw dozens upon dozens of dragons of all species, all of them surrounded by newly hatched baby dragons of their own. There was a Zippleback grooming its young, a Gronckle napping at the side while its young were play-fighting with each other, and a Nadder who just got back from gathering food and was regurgitating it out for its young to feed. He finally found himself standing on top of the mysterious nesting grounds of the dragons. Toothless was trying to tell him about.

"So this is where you guys come to have babies," Hiccup said in acknowledgement. He turned and saw a Gronckle pushing something into one of the small water pits around the beach area of the island. He went down to investigate and saw that the Gronckle was actually pushing its eggs in there and, as he peered into the water pit, the eggs glowed for a moment and exploded in the water before tiny little Gronckles swam their way out of the pit and made their way to their mother. Hiccup aww-ed at the cute little hatchlings, then saw an egg that the Gronckle missed.

"Hey, look, you missed one!"

Before he could reach down to pick it up, Meatlug lunged over and pulled him out of the way. Without warning, the egg exploded, almost throwing Hiccup back and blasting shards of egg shell shrapnel everywhere. The hatchling that burst out of the exploding egg fell down to earth with a plop, but it yawned as if it didn't bother him one bit before joining its siblings. Hiccup heaved a sigh of relief, grateful that Meatlug had pulled him away before he got blown off by the little dynamite, finally understanding what the water pit was for.

"Man, it's a good thing those don't hatch on Berk," Hiccup regained composure, wondering if this applied to all dragon eggs or just Gronckles, and wondered if his baby, if born an egg, might be that way too.

Hiccup continued to explore the island, calling out Toothless' name just in case he might actually be there with the dragons like his father said. Unfortunately, no such luck. Fortunately for his tired swollen feet and his backache, he found out that the bottomless pond was actually quite lukewarm to the touch, most likely because the island itself was volcanic in nature. He took off his clothes and submerged himself slowly into the pond, letting the warm water eased his aches and pains.

"Oh, Toothless, where are you?" Hiccup whispered worriedly as he soaked in there for about 10 minutes before getting out, drying himself and got dressed before continuing to explore. _If he's not hereâ€|where could he be?_

Soon he found himself on the other side of the island and saw all of Berk's dragons gathered there. Hookfang recognized him almost immediately and purred, letting out a chirp, catching the other dragons' attention.

"Hookfang!" Hiccup half-ran towards the Monstrous Nightmare, then went to Stormfly, who in turn nuzzled and purred at Hiccup's belly. "Stormfly! Oh, you have no idea how happy I am to see you guys. And you haveâ€|babies?" he knelt down to caress and stroke her three new hatchlings, "Aww, look at you guys all happy and together. Who knew you're leaving to celebrate your ownâ€|holidayâ€|" he looked down a little sadly, the thought of Toothless crossed his mind again, but he tried to cheer up as he got up slowly, "I should be getting back to _my_ holiday. So whaddaya say, Hookfang? Think you can get me a ride back home?"

Hookfang was only too eager to please as it let Hiccup climb onto it. The duo soon took off and was up in the air, pointing towards the direction of Berk.

"I'll see you all back on Berk when you're good and ready, OK?"

Somehow his actions spurred all the other dragons to follow, even those that did not belong to Berk. All the adult dragons opened their wings and started taking off, while the hatchlings soon followed suite, chirping and growling after their parents.

"Oh! No, no, no!" Hiccup protested, realizing what he had just done. "I, uh, I think I just started the return migration."

He looked down to see the dragons were all ready and good to go, not deterred by Hiccup's protests.

"Well, if you insist."

The adult dragons soon demonstrated to their hatchlings how to take off and take flight, but while all the dragons managed to show them just how it was done, the hatchlings weren't able to follow them as they were too light to withstand the undercurrent of the wind from

the cliff and were blown back onto the island, leaving them stranded.

"Ah, this is never gonna work," Hiccup muttered as he watched the hatchlings trying it over and over again in vain, then he remembered something he saw in Helheim's Gate. "Oh! Hold on, I got just the thing."

He hoped this would work as he guided Hookfang to where he wanted to go.

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Berk was in total disarray as everywhere looked like it had just been hit by a dragon invasion like they used to before the co-existence. Everyone was going about trying to fix their homes and property as tiny little Gronckle hatchlings gathered and lazed about at the barrels of vegetable produce. Astrid, in her sad attempt to lift Berk's spirits, found out from the storage barn where Fishlegs kept Meatlug in order to keep it from following the migrating dragons that Meatlug was actually female and had laid her eggs in that barn. She, along with the team, decided that they should gift the eggs to everyone in the village, but unfortunately, without knowing that the eggs have the tendency of spontaneous combustion when they hatched, ended up blowing up or burning everything in sight, including the Snoggle Tree. Needless to say, there was a lot of explaining to do on Astrid's part.

"Ahh, Gobber, this is a disaster," Stoick, after days of trying to keep his optimism up, sighed in defeat.

"Oh, it's not so bad," Gobber noted, thinking that this was small fry compared to the usual dragon invasion back then.

"Not that bad? The village is destroyed, the dragons have gone and left us, and I don't even know where Hiccup has gone to right now or what's happening to him or if he and my grandchild are OK! Face it, Gobber, this holiday is a completeâ€|What are these people looking at?"

Stoick pushed past the slack-jawed villagers to look up at what they were seeing. At a distance, there was a group of silhouettes flying towards them.

"What is that?" Stoick squinted his eyes to get a better look.

As the silhouettes closed in, it revealed that it was Berk's dragons returning with something in tow. Flocks of other dragons that didn't belong to Berk had moved on to where they came from with their own tows but the ones that were slowly descended towards the village with it. As the light illuminated them more, Stoick saw that Hiccup was on Hookfang, leading the Berk flock home.

"It's Hiccup!" Stoick exclaimed.

"And our dragons!" Astrid exclaimed as well as she came down from the roof she was fixing.

The villagers cheered as the dragons slowly put down their tow, which revealed to be the Viking boat that Hiccup and Meatlug almost hit,

and once it was fully grounded, the boat revealed to be all of Berk's hatchlings, scampering out and starting to explore their new home. One of the villagers helped Hiccup down as he was heavy with child and the travel kind of wore him out. Snotlout was the first among the villagers who made the move to reunite with Hookfang. Fishlegs was glad to be reunited with Meatlug, glomping her before she had the chance to watch her hatchlings that she left behind feed from her catch. Astrid was just glad and relieved that Stormfly was back, and cooed excitedly at her three little hatchlings. All in all, everyone was glad to have their dragons back, and having some additional little bundles of joy in the process.

"Well done, son!" Stoick said proudly as he hugged Hiccup, careful not to crush him though. "Are you alright? Is the baby alright?"

"Thanks, Dad," Hiccup chuckled as he was put down. "And yeah, it's fine. Don't worry. Strong as ever."

"That's good. I was getting a little worried when you disappeared," Stoick then turned to the villagers. "Everyone, grab your dragons! To the Great Hall! We finally have something to celebrate!"

No one needed to be told twice. The Great Hall was soon jam-packed with the villagers of Berk and their dragons. The decors were all colorfully illuminated by the hanging lights and the food and drinks were as good as any Viking feast would be. Hiccup walked around to inspect the food and, satisfied with them, looked around the Great Hall to see everyone young and old all happy, contented and gleeful, celebrating as if the dragons had never left, while the younger ones were having the time of their lives playing with the hatchlings who were getting to know their new surroundings. He could hear Fishlegs claiming that this was the best holiday ever while cuddling Meatlug's hatchlings, Snotlout laughing as Hookfang's hatchling blew fire at him (turns out Monstrous Nightmares have one or two hatchlings at most) and the twins fighting over guessing which ones were Poisonbreath/Firespark's hatchlings, since their Zippleback was male.

Everyone was into this joyous occasion.

Except him.

Hiccup looked at everyone sadly, his heart breaking into a million pieces even though his face tried to keep that smile and tried to feel happy for everyone. This was supposed to be where he and Toothless would be sitting at a corner, sipping mead or munching on a chicken drumstick or squabbling over who gets the fish or just enjoying each other's company while watching the festivities. Instead, here he was, heavily pregnant, surrounded by family and friends, and yet no one to share it with. Had Toothless really gone for good? Had Toothless really abandoned him? What if something had happened to him? What if Toothless decided that he liked being single after all and left him to fend for himself and the baby? What ifâ€¦|

"Hiccup," Astrid's voice called out as he looked up to see her coming towards him with a sorry look on her face. "I know this must be really hard for to see everyone with their dragons, but you really did a wonderful thing. Thank you."

Astrid leaned in to kiss Hiccup on the cheek before hugging him to comfort him. Hiccup hugged back, glad to have a best friend who understood him and encouraged him, but it wasn't enough.

"Astridâ€¦where did Toothless go?" Hiccup asked, trying to fight back the urge to cry. "He should be here with meâ€¦with our babyâ€¦"

"I don't knowâ€¦" Astrid said, but then suddenly turned around and spoke in a lighter mood. "Wowâ€¦Man, wouldn't wanna be you right now. I mean, you brought back everyone's dragon except yours."

"Yeah, you know this is not helpingâ€¦at allâ€¦"

Hiccup was about to ask her why the sudden insult when Astrid suddenly turned him around to face the entrance of the Great Hall. To his shock and surprise, there was Toothless, alive and well and happily galloping towards him.

"Toothless! Hey, bud!"

Hiccup couldn't be happier as he ran towards him, forgetting that he was carrying a heavy bundle in his belly. Almost immediately, as everyone watched that touching scene, Hiccup lunged forward to give Toothless a bear hug, hugging him as tightly as he could, as if afraid that if he were to let go, Toothless would disappear forever. He was going to kiss him too when he felt an apologetic vibe through the bond, reminding him about how long he was gone and how worried and sad he made him feel.

"Bad dragon! Very bad dragon!" Hiccup scolded him, mad at him for leaving him behind just like that without a word, while Toothless just allowed himself to be scolded. "You scared me to death! Don't ever stay away that long again andâ€¦what is in your mouth?"

Toothless grinned and spat the thing he was holding in his mouth onto Hiccup's head, covering him with slimy dragon spit. In the midst of everyone cringing in disgust, Hiccup saw an image of Toothless flying around to the area where he dropped his helmet and realized it was the same helmet he had lost.

"Yâ€¦Yeah, you found my helmetâ€¦Wha-Hey! You found my helmet! That's where you've been?" Hiccup asked, in which Toothless, as he purred and nuzzled his mate, showed a series of images where he dived, swam, hunted, foraged and looked everywhere until he found the helmet safely buried under a whole pile of snow and mud in the middle of a dense yet small uninhabited island just miles away from where Hiccup lost it. Hiccup smiled and cupped Toothless' jaw. "Buddy, thank you. You are amazing."

Hiccup finally leaned in to give Toothless his dragon kiss, causing everyone to say 'Aww' at this sight. Toothless returned his kiss, glad that he was back with his mate and being together again. Suddenly, Hiccup felt like as if he just peed himself, and when he looked down to see what happened, he realized that his water had broken. Blood drained from his face as he knew what was going on.

"Oh godsâ€¦|Oh gods, I think it'sâ€¦|"

Hiccup doubled over before he could finish his sentence, and as Toothless caught him before he fell and roared worriedly at him, Stoick started yelling for the midwife.

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"That's it, Hiccup, that's it. Take a deep breath and push."

Hiccup whimpered as he held onto Toothless' underarms tight, pushing down as hard as he could, leaning back his head against Toothless' chest while the midwife held Hiccup's legs apart. 4 hours had passed since Hiccup had his first contraction and he was finally dilated enough to push the baby out. When the midwife was called, Toothless became defensive, as all dragons do when their mates are about to lay their eggs. It was his instincts as a male dragon to keep predators away from his mate during the egg-laying process, but since Hiccup was not a female dragon like all the others, he needed help. If it weren't for Hiccup's cries of pain and Stoick's gentle but firm words to explain the situation, Toothless would've not allowed anyone near Hiccup. Toothless refused to leave Hiccup's side thoughâ€¦"he was very insistent about thatâ€¦"so the midwife had no choice but to allow the dragon to be with Hiccup.

"You're doing very good, Hiccup," the midwife encouraged as she helped to stretch Hiccup more to ease the delivery. "Looks like it's gonna be an egg. I can see the tip."

Hiccup waited for another contraction before he pushed down again. Tears streamed down his cheeks and his whole body was littered with cold sweat as he struggled to bring the little one into the world. He whined loudly as he could feel his womb stretching to expel the egg, in which Toothless purred and tried to comfort him by licking his tears and sweat away.

"Oh gods, Toothless, it hurtsâ€¦|It hurtsâ€¦|!"

Toothless purred some more, his voice rumbled near his ear, trying to send a calming, soothing vibe to Hiccup through the bond.

"Come on, Hiccup, you're halfway there. Keep it going, Hiccup."

"Ooowwâ€¦|" Hiccup whimpered as he held onto Toothless tighter as he pushed along with the contractions. His legs were going numb from the pain and were trembling with fatigue, and he could feel blood staining his inner thighs.

"That's it, that's it," the midwife coached as she got a hold of the egg and slowly helped him inch it out. "You're doing very good."

"I can'tâ€¦|I can't do it anymoreâ€¦|" Hiccup shook his head, gasping for breath. "It hurtsâ€¦|it hurts too muchâ€¦|andâ€¦|and I'm tiredâ€¦|"

Toothless looked up at the midwife worriedly, wondering what was wrong with his mate.

"I know you're tired, boy," the midwife patted Hiccup's knee gently.

"But if you don't do this, you're going to lose much more blood and you might risk endangering your baby's life as well as yours."

"But it hurts!"

"It usually does, but you've survived worse injuries than this. This is nothing. I know you're a strong boy. You're a hero to Berk, so be a hero to your child."

Toothless purred in agreement, licking his cheeks and giving him encouraging vibes through their bond, using his underarms to give Hiccup a helpful squeeze, as if telling him that he was there for him and he will be strong for the both of them. Hiccup, encouraged by both the midwife and Toothless, finally nodded and waited for another contraction before pushing down. The midwife quickly got back to work to pull the egg out.

"That's very good, Hiccup. Just a bit more."

"How much more?" Hiccup grunted between pushes, feeling like he was going to black out sooner or later.

"Alright, this is it. One last push. Give me a big one, Hiccup."

Hiccup took a deep breath and pushed down his hardest, screaming out Toothless' name as the last and widest part of the egg finally slid out of him. His head was spinning as he felt the pressure and lump between his legs was finally gone, leaning back against Toothless and panting breathlessly. Toothless looked expectantly for more eggs to come but it looked like this was it. It was over.

"Sorry, Toothless. Only one egg. A human can only carry so many kids, you know."

Toothless sighed a little in disappointment, as he remembered being born in a batch of four when he was a hatchling, but one look at Hiccup who had passed out from the birth and his peaceful-looking face as he slumped against Toothless, exhausted and worn out, he knew it would be alright. Hiccup had been through a lot, and this was enough for him.

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Hiccup slowly woke up to see Toothless sitting near the fire, the egg safely nestled within the burning embers. Ignoring the midwife's instructions to stay bedridden, he got out of bed and slowly walked towards Toothless before sitting down on his forepaws, watching the egg along with him.

"Is it almost time?" Hiccup asked, and Toothless nodded in reply. He sighed in relief, "Finally. These past three days felt almost like forever."

It was a double celebration for both Hiccup, Toothless and Stoick as the proud family welcomed the new addition to the Horrendous Haddock family, even though it was still an egg and yet to determine the gender of the hatchling within. Stoick, the proud grandfather, showed off the egg to the villagers waiting outside Hiccup's house with him

(he practically wore a hole on the floor pacing around during the birth), much to Toothless' chagrin, and as all midwifery traditions go, Hiccup was to be bedridden for at least a fortnight to heal from the birth. Toothless took over babysitting the egg, his instincts kicking in as he kept the embers burning to warm the egg, letting it incubate till it was time to hatch. He wasn't sure exactly how long it would take for the egg to hatch, and Stoick came in every chance he got to see whether or not his little grandchild has hatched, but the dragon just let instincts guide him and today was the day his instincts told him might happen.

"I wonder what we would get," Hiccup thought out loud, then looked up at Toothless. "Do you think our baby will be dragon or human or hybrid? Or will it a girl or a boy?"

Toothless nuzzled Hiccup, telling him through their bond that whatever or however their hatchling would turn out, he would love them just the same. He then gave Hiccup a 'I wanna tell you something' look.

"What is it, Toothless?"

Toothless shifted a bit to drag out his old prosthetic fin and Hiccup's saddle, pedal and harness, putting it in front of Hiccup.

"Toothless, why'd you pull this out for?" Hiccup asked, surprised to see it before him, and even surprised at how the dragon managed to find it. "You don't need this anymore."

Toothless shook his head as he pushed them closer towards Hiccup, the bond urging him to put the old fin back on his tail.

"Toothless, quit fooling around. You have your new tail now!" Hiccup felt something was up as Toothless looked back at him expectantly. "Toothless?"

That was when Toothless showed him his tail, and where the new fin was supposed to be was gone, no longer attached to him, and Hiccup saw a flash of image from Toothless that he had requested Stoick to take it off and keep it at Stoick's home for safekeeping.

"Toothless, what did you do?" Hiccup was shocked at what he just saw. "Why did you do that for? I made that just for you, I!"

Toothless brought the old gadgets even closer to Hiccup, nuzzling him, growling affectionately a little, telling him his reasons through their bond. He didn't need a new tail. He didn't need a substitute. He wanted Hiccup. He wanted Hiccup to be his tail. Hiccup was his tail, and nothing could replace that.

He chose to be grounded. He chose to stay.

With Hiccup.

Hiccup was at loss of words. All he could do was cry happy tears as he hugged Toothless, kissing him all over. Toothless cuddled him back and purred, licking his face and giving him dragon kisses too. In the

midst of their making out, a small sound of crackling could be heard. They turned to see that the egg was beginning to hatch. Thankfully through Toothless' memories as a reminder, Hiccup remembered that Night Fury eggs do not explode like the Gronckle's did, so the exploding eggs were pretty much a Gronckle trait. Both of them looked longingly as the egg slowly cracked open piece by piece when Hiccup got it out of the fire embers so as not to burn the hatchling when it comes out.

The new parents were surprised to discover that there wasn't one, but two hatchlings inside the egg as they fully revealed themselves. One was a female pure dragon and a spitting image of Toothless, but with Hiccup's eyes, the other a hybrid boy, with skin the colour of his father with his father's eyes, ears, wings and tail, and his mother's mop of hair and facial features. Both of them squealed at their first breath of air, but the hybrid cried longer, like a normal baby would. While Toothless licked their daughter off all the egg goo and pieces of egg shells stuck on her, Hiccup gently picked their son up and quickly undid the top of his night robe he was instructed to wear during the bedridden period before giving him his first feeding of the day. Yes, Hiccup was also developed at that area, it seems, and his motherly instincts soon kicked in the moment their son latched onto his nipple and suckled hungrily.

"What shall we name them?" Hiccup asked as he nursed their son, while giggling at the way their daughter tried to crawl her way around Hiccup's feet, instinctively knowing that he was her mother.

Toothless purred and shrugged, allowing him to choose their names.

"Then I'll name our son Valiant, and our daughter Meteora, after my mother."

Toothless thought for a while and nodded, already liking it.

As they waited for Stoick's inevitable entry to their home, Hiccup and Toothless shared a tender kiss. This year's Snoggle-tog Hiccup had given Toothless a pretty great gift.

Toothless gave him a better one.

* * *

><p>AN: Wohoo~! Finally finished~! Wee~! Long live Toothcup~! I hope you guys love it as much as I love writing it! Ta-ta for now and reviews plz~!

End
file.